Mind and Matter

Physical Life---The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

VOL. 1. | MIND AND MATTER Publishing House, No. 713 Sansom Street, Philada., Pa. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, M. S. 32. | $2.15 PER ANNUM, Payable in Advance; Single Copies Six Cents. | NO. 38

AT NESHAMINY FALLS GROVE.

BY MRS. GUION.

"This way to the Camp-meeting!" was shouted on every side, as we made our way into the crowded car at the North Penn Depot, and were fortunate enough to get a seat, though hundreds were crowding in, bound for Neshaminy.

It is surprising to find how few Philadelphians know of this most charming spot, about eighteen miles distant from the city, less than an hour's ride by the Bound Brook line.

The country all along is beautifully rolling, and wherever you cast your eye, you see advanced cultivation. From the hillside the tall corn waves in luxuriance, and the scene is ever changing from rock to meadow and steep, over which young cascades frolic to the purling stream below. As the iron monster gleams along its winding way, with every bound the lover of nature feels his spirits rising, and his soul silently and unconsciously becoming attuned to harmony. Oh, blessed fact! that the human heart can enjoy and expand even to the taking in of all mankind. The realization of this is an oasis in life. The ride was truly invigorating. The balmy air without and the conversation within were inspiring, for it is astonishing to find how much Spiritualists have to talk about. Even the children discuss the harmonial philosophy and the best way of *raising parents*.

Passing Beechwood, you see a mammoth house upon a hill, which, as a matter of course, you take to be an insane asylum, until informed to the contrary by the smart young miss opposite who has travelled.

Nearing Willets Station, we perceived, on a richly covered slope, backed by lofty trees, a row of neat cottage tents, the dimensions of each being as large as a cemetery lot, eight by twelve, the number of occupants limited to two. These resembled snug little houses, such as the pilgrim fathers would have been proud to own upon landing. Here and there were seen tents more secluded, but not unsociably distant. These tents were rented with the privilege of setting up housekeeping, or eating at the public table, which was excellent, cooking arrangements having been provided on a thorough plan. There is an immense pavilion for the accommodation of the young folks where they may dance, declaim, or play games, copenhagen not excepted, as I have observed that to be a favorite pastime among other denominational picnics. The grounds include about twenty acres richly covered by shade and abounding in silent retreats and romantic walks, sunny mounds and shady nooks scattered over a hilly surface, at the foot of which flows the gentle Neshaminy.

This beautiful stream is about two miles in length, pure and sparkling, and as we approached it by the gravel walk over the rocks we were enchanted with the view, and the music in the air, just as a freighted little boat skimmed in sight keeping time with the oar to the melody,

"What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses," with Neshaminy.

A scene like this carries you back to the days of your youth, provided you have emerged from that period, and restores long forgotten memories. With this comes a sympathy for youth and a fresh indulgence for their too boisterous merriment.

On this clear sheet of water you may sail or row in the golden centre, or loiter beneath the branches of its border, which dip the water on either side, affording an arch of shade. Many small boats are provided for the amusement of visitors at a small expense, ladies and children feeling perfectly safe in paddling about the stream with only a small boy in attendance as oarsman.

Fishing is also one of the attractions of this place. Stationed here and there, upon the rocks which jut out among the falls, may be seen a fisherman keeping up good heart, although, as one informed me, "he had not had but one nibble in the last hour." A true fisherman is content with even that, and to such heroic souls I would say, "be sure to take a fishing-line along." Between ancient trees with straggling roots, may be seen (wisely placed there by the hand of man) wooden seats, the proportions of which suggest the trite saying, "two are company," etc. Of these there is seldom an empty one to be found.

There are large swings, whose gigantic arms will hurl you as near heaven as perhaps some of you will ever get, and, if weary of this and croquet and the delightful boat ride, it is, to say the least, refreshing to see the man in the *tree* with his battery all in good order, "ten cents a shock."

Indeed, we found every facility for the sojourner in the way of rest and enjoyment for his body and spiritual food for his soul here provided.

Hastening to that portion of the ground appropriated to the exercises, we found benches for the multitude, for these "deluded ones" (*a la Times*) now are reckoned by millions.

"Our" back, as a certain lady journalist of this city would say, not being very strong, we tried to find a tree to lean against, but, alas! all the trees were taken, so we sat down without choice, laid out our paper and commenced to sharpen the pencil, intending to lie in wait for an inspiration, when, all of a sudden, one came, not in the form of an angel, but of a meddlesome old busybody of a man, who came crushing by, and dragged the eye-glasses from our nose, snapping them in two by the jerk, besides the sting it gave, from which to recover (*a la Jones, World*) ten minutes of our precious time *it took*, when one of the brethren, thoughtful soul, notwithstanding the ban, long-haired and sallow (*Times*), had a spool of thread in his pocket, which he always carried on account of his buttons, he said, seeing our distress, passed it along a whole bench of brethren to us. We thanked him sweetly, and being naturally ingenious, our eyes were soon again in working order, waiting again for an inspiration, when the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," certainly the most appropriate piece for the occasion, and calculated to fire every camp-meeting breast with enthusiasm.

"Perfect freedom from leading strings and departures from the pap which nourished them in infancy, exists among these people," said an aged disciple with whom I conversed. "We have left the old landmarks in the by-roads and struck out into new paths. We cling not to the rust and mold of past centuries. Compare us," he continued, "with other denominations; will we not compare favorably in intelligence moral courage and research?" Church caste is not one of their sins; the affirmative to the question of being a Spiritualist embodying all that is conveyed in the grip of an Odd Fellow, or the sign of a Mason, so that the humblest among them can converse understandingly on all subjects pertaining to their philosophy, and maybe impart a new idea.

Some funny thing always will occur at camp-meeting which are calculated to cause a grin even on a tombstone. For instance, an old lady sitting near, after some hesitation, inquired of us, "if that ar tune wasn't Yankee-doodle." When time is at a premium, it is sometimes best to say that which conveys the greatest amount of happiness and takes the least time. So seeing the questioner was a stranger, and ignoring any possible bump for music, we replied that it was "Old Hundred." She shook her head in dismay, and said church music was strangely altered.

We sang "The Sweet By-and-by," but we missed the good old tune which Mozart himself could not improve.

Prof. Buchanan, of New York opened the meeting—subject, "The Religion of Spiritualism."

He said Spiritualism was destined to conquer the stupidity of the world. He claimed that religious faith was as necessary as any other love; necessary to true manhood and womanhood; that the religious man is the perfect man. Spiritualism disseminates happiness by dispelling hell, by developing hope, faith and love. Spiritualism is the test of Christianity. It can go through the Church, and, like a magnet, pick out the truly religious soul. It is the greatest teacher of true religion, and develops the highest love for God.

What are millions of dollars in this world compared to an estate in Heaven to be enjoyed forever? "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy soul." The disciples were told to "try the spirits." When were the followers of the Church known to love one another? He shall say to the Church Pharasee, "I know you not;" and to the poor at the gate, "Walk in, to mansions prepared for you?"

The lecturer is a great advocate of prayer, and explained how the fervent desire may be answered by perseverance in that direction.

This may seem like "Bringing coals to New Castle;" if so, give it a *debut* in that whirlpool of thought—the editor's basket—where,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

In the afternoon we were addressed by Mrs. F. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., a most remarkable speaker. Meteor-like, she flashed upon and kept her hearers spell-bound for an hour, without preparation of any kind; her thoughts flowing in so sublime and rapid a channel that language could scarcely clothe them—thus it seemed. The rushing utterance reminded us of Niaga's waters leaping to the chasm. At the close she gave a poem of sufficient length, beauty and harmony to puzzle a sage in rhymes. In fact, all the speakers we had the pleasure of hearing were marvellous in thought and application, among them were Philadelphia's favorite, Cephas B. Lynn, and the Rev. Mr. Watson, ex-Methodist minister. Such discourses must have astonished the countrymen who poured in from all sides, notwithstanding the timely warnings which were given in various quarters, not to imbibe too freely of the spiritual nectar. As much as they could comprehend in a first dose, no doubt made a lasting impression, and they are well aware that they will have to wait for another camp-meeting to hear the like again. Hereafter, those who regularly attend divine service will be hard to please.

We sat among the crowd and it was difficult at times to keep our attention upon the speaker, for watching the honest faces turned upon us so frequently, as if to say, "Did you ever?"

Had Mr. Linn been exhorting them to battle every man would have rallied to the flag; such is the power of heart-speaking—true eloquence. When he would have ceased speaking, several times, the audience cried: "Go on."

The Spiritualists could not have selected a more charming and convenient spot, a more suitable tabernacle for the praise of the Creator, his own domain, beneath his own canopy, where the songsters of the air send up their constant hallelujahs. No cushioned pews or narrow aisles, but the whole creation.

Camp-meetings, properly conducted, may be made a joyous picnic, of all that lends enjoyment, and then, how sweet, the hour of prayer, when the united songs of thousands of voices are rising from the leafy woods and echoing from hill to hill, then dying along the shore. There is a grandeur in this mode of worship that is powerful in effect.

The soul needs the country air sometimes more than the body to work off its oppression and find out what there is to be thankful for. Be sure you will find it, even though you were born to sorrow and trouble, or been ill-treated all your life, or had to work hard for your little brothers and sisters, or support a lazy husband, or had too many "cousins and aunts," or, perhaps, you are doomed to keep a boarding-house, or write editorials from an empty brain. However this may be, I am persuaded, that the burden we bear we would not exchange for another's. Though it might outwardly be as beautiful as the morning and as fragrant as the wild Thyme and Jessamine, it would be more irksome to carry.

By forgetting our troubles, real and artificial, for a while, we may draw true inspiration from nature by mingling in its praises, and in order to be thoroughly benefited, body and soul, it is best to feel in harmony with all mankind, and ourselves in particular, you may there forgive your enemies without a struggle and return with renewed strength to wrestle with the inevitable battle of life.

No camp-meeting, we feel assured, was ever conducted on a more magnanimous plan, one long to be remembered and, we hope, to be repeated each succeeding year. Truly, it may be termed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Late in the day we walked over to meet the cars on the return trip, and having our notes to arrange went full an hour before the time, and, seated upon the end of the bridge, took a view of the surrounding landscape, when another mishap (for they never come singly) occurred. The wind, which had risen to a hurricane, swept away and under the bridge our paper containing a day's thoughts. We watched it receding until clear out of sight, not quite reassured that we had not been observed, when our attention was suddenly riveted upon an object ensconced behind the chimney of the station-house, which, upon a closer inspection, proved to be a *Times* reporter, with his field-glass levelled at the camp.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Up the Cowaselon—Peterboro—Gerrit Smith and Spiritualism.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

For Mind and Matter.

At this season of the year we delight to think of the people who dwell in the mountain regions, free from the cares and anxieties of the great hot, bustling and noisy cities. We regale our imaginations with their cool and quiet homes, with their peaceful lives and unpretentious manners. Whoever has not climbed the beautiful hills and the grand mountains, inhaling the fragrance from the uncultivated soil and spicy shrubs; and seen the ferns, the tender mountain flowers swaying in every breeze, and the many-colored lichens at their feet; and heard the song of birds and the bleating of the flocks across the distant pastures knows little of the beauties of this fair land.

After months of close confinement in the stifling air, and selfish conventionalities of our large towns and cities, how the heart swells with varied and tender emotions at the mere mention of green fields, running brooks, the everlasting mountains, the lights and shadows and transparent haze, spread out over them, and far down the lower slopes and vallies, making a picture that all along down the past—the untold centuries—the poets have tried to describe and the painters to paint.

Three weeks ago, after four months of painful sickness, I left the pleasant flour, as well as flower, city of Rochester, and the roaring waters of the Genesee river, which at that place go bubbling, tumbling and eddying over four distinct falls within the space of a mile. The highest is ninety feet, but with the rapids the total height is three hundred feet. For beauty they are not inferior to Niagara, and are a continuation of the same ridge that forms that celebrated cataract. I came over the New York Central Railway to Oneida, in Madison County, N. Y., resolved to seek the free and invigorating air of the hills in this great hop growing and cheese making district.

At Oneida we called on that clear-headed and practical business man, as well as Spiritualist and reformer of no uncertain type, who is as generous as he is just—W. Irving Tillotson. After a day's rest, satchel in hand, I started on foot up the Cowaselon (in the Indian dialect meaning the "Squaw is alone"), a little trout stream whose singing and shining waters go winding along past gentle hills and pleasant farms containing acres of growing hops.

I wonder that the American people have never made it fashionable to make pilgrimages on foot! The freedom one enjoys, the beneficial physical and mental effects, as well as plenty of time to study the scenery in districts far away from the great thoroughfares, make it not only profitable, but a pleasant mode of travelling. Take a copy along with you of *The White Hills*, by T. Starr King, and when tired, stop under the inviting shade of some old elm or other tree, and while the perfume from the newly cut hay and the hop fields fan your brow and delight your sense of smell, read from it his fascinating descriptions of the grandeur of the hills and mountains, and the copious extracts from Shelley, Ruskin, Goethe, Thoreau and other souls devoted to nature and her thousand beauties to be seen at every turn in the dented hills, and you will be made healthier, wiser and happier.

The first afternoon out, a heavy rain came sweeping across the landscape, filling the limpid stream with muddy water. I took shelter in a little house, where I found a pleasant faced man of thirty, who had been sick five years with inflamatory rheumatism. Had not walked for two years. Had paid out several hundred dollars to be drugged in accordance with the laws of this great State, all without the least signs of good. Any clairvoyant physician, without a diploma, attempting to render this helpless man aid, would be liable to a heavy fine and costs. Is it not time to stop boasting of our freedom?

Night was coming on. The air damp and the roads muddy. I was still weak from my late illness and weary from a four mile walk. An old man came along, driving a poor old spavined red horse attached to a rickety old wagon minus a dash-board. The man, with a pleasant smile, permitted me to take the vacant seat by his side without getting the consent of the poorly fed and discouraged animal. What was worse, he continually walloped him with a cane to make him trot, notwithstanding all my remonstrances.

I asked him if he had heard of Mr. Bergh. He, in a listless way, replied: "No! Who is he?" I pitied the old horse for his sufferings and the old man for his ignorance. At dusk I bid him good night, and called at a neat farm house and asked for a glass of milk and lodging. It was readily and pleasantly granted by a strong, fine-formed, kindly-faced farmer, whom I soon learned bore the name of Abraham Moon. I found on their table the *Truth Seeker*, *Banner of Light*, etc. Mrs. Moon is much interested in the reforms of the day, and takes pains to keep her papers in use among the neighbors. They own a large farm and keep it in excellent condition, it being a pattern of neatness and thrift. Hardly a weed could be seen in the luxuriant fields of fourteen acres of hops. Have six horses, fat and sleek, and some of them, for ease and grace of movement, are not surpassed by any of the twelve hundred dollar teams of your city.

One of the sons—Mr. Emmett Moon—is a very good seeing medium, and one evening while there (I remained three days), as we sat conversing in the parlor, Mrs. Emmet Moon sat at the piano, struck up a favorite waltz, when instantaneously the medium saw and described a lady dancing in the most graceful and artistic manner, keeping exact time to the music as she moved about the room with her hands over head, and then reaching them out toward me as if desiring me to dance with her. She at another time came with pencil and paper. I recognized her at once and what she wished to convey to me.

I am now at a quiet pleasant farm-house, a thousand feet above the N. Y. Central Railway, at Canastota, nine miles away, which is the nearest railway station. How grateful to overtaxed nerves and brains this hospitable home and these wooded hills! The air is filled with the music of the birds, and in all directions the dense foliage of the trees call us to their cool and refreshing bowers.

Old Sol never tries to "scorch us to the tune of 103 degrees in the shade," as he did you, the veteran editor, Mr. Colby, and our esteemed friend, George A. Bacon, on your way across the plains of New Jersey to pay a gladsome visit to Mr. and Mrs. Peebles. Eighty-six in the shade is about as high as the thermometer reaches here, the evenings are delightfully cool and such "pesky" things as "mosquitos, wood and berry ticks" are unknown and almost unheard of. The robins sing all day long—

Jonathan Gillett,
Scour the skillet,
Scour it white,
Scour it bright,
Scour it clean, clean, clean,

reminding me of the land of Araby the blest.

With Harris I dream of an earthly paradise and send you a few lines from his sweet melody:

"THE LAND EAST OF THE SUN."

"Oh, could I read the riddle of thy words,
Then were a whole life's meaning won to me.
The meaning of a summer day, when birds
Are singing their sweet life out to the sky,
And all the earth o'erflows to fill the eye
With beauty, and the heart with ecstacy.
Alas for us that it is hard to see!

"The inner thought, the dream within the dream,
Oh, is it to be heard by mortal ear?
With hues unspeakable the far hills teem;
The streams and trees, earth's sunlit hues, are song,
Swelling the breath of worship all day long
Dulled are the ears too used to sounds of wrong,
Alas for us, the song is hard to hear!

"Yet with a voice from God I feel it come,
Oh, still and small, heard underneath the noise
Of all the vexed world, a voice from home,
Divinely sweet—what is it thou wouldst speak?
With trembling fear the fainting heart grows weak,
And we in vain thy mystic meanings seek.
Woe, that we cannot hear aright God's voice!"

Peterboro is two miles away, a quiet, dull village, situated amidst charming hills, and is noted as the home of the late Gerritt Smith, who was known far and near for his almost unbounded benevolence. He not only gave large sums to colleges, churches and libraries, but fortunes to relieve the poor and distressed of whatever nation, sex, color or condition.

An old and well-informed gentleman who has lived here all his life and knew Mr. Smith well, told me the other day that his benefactions would average twenty thousand dollars per year for the last thirty-five years of his life. He seems to have been at times sorry that he gave so freely to orthodox colleges and churches, for, in a letter to a friend, he says:

"How little I thought when many years ago I was in the habit of giving money to this, that, and the other theological seminary and college, that I was thereby contributing to place the mightiest obstacle in the way of the cause of liberty and religion."

Of Hamilton College, where he was educated, he says:

"This is the same college whose faculty humbled themselves so far as to beg pardon of a pro-slavery legislature for the prevalence of anti-slavery sentiments among their students. And the churches I have helped to build, are not a few of them the enemies of the slave and so of the cause of true religion."

His liberal views of religion and his great kindness and benevolence did much, no doubt, toward making this section so free from sectarian dogmas. A Methodist, with a doleful face and a heavy sigh, said to me the other morning, as he removed an old, black and dirty clay pipe from his mouth:

"They are all Spiritualists and Infidels around here and the cause of Christ can make no headway."

"I think so," I answered, "for I have procured one hundred names in this vicinity to a petition asking for Mr. Bennett's release from a loathsome dungeon."

The poor man, but good farmer, had never heard of Mr. Bennett or his paper, and so I did not get his name. He had a beautiful farm and a delightful home, embowered among elms and maples and choice shrubbery, and I was sad his mind was so barren.

How his intelligent looking and tidy appearing wife could accommodate herself to the fumes of that disgusting and filthy tobacco pipe will remain one of the mysteries to me, until I arrive in a land that promises to solve many problems now pressing themselves before the people.

Gerrit Smith's wife was greatly beloved by him. It was a common remark of his when she came into the breakfast room in the morning—"Heaven has 'broke loose.'" She was a firm and intelligent Spiritualist. He was not, or would not admit that he was. Many of his neighbors say that he really was one, and that he often sought opportunities to talk privately with them upon some new phase that had come up.

This of itself would not prove that he was one. The same old gentleman, who I mentioned above as telling me of his great goodness and charity, and who has been a Spiritualist for thirty years, also told me the following incident that transpired between him and Mr. Smith, which, if true, and I can have no doubt of it, as it was told with an earnest and candid sincerity, proves him to have been, like many other rich and prominent men of to-day, quite afraid of public opinion on this subject of Spiritual manifestations. This is the old gentleman's story in nearly his own words:

"About ten years ago I met Mr. Smith on the street one cold morning in February. He stopped, and asked me to call at his office. Soon after I went, and, being seated, he said: 'E——, I was in New York the other day, and witnessed some wonderful things in Spiritualism, and I thought you would like to hear of them. I called on a medium for a sitting. It was in open daylight. I was handed a blank sheet of common letter paper and was asked to put a private mark upon it, that I might recognize it again. I did so. I was then asked to place it on the floor under the table, which I also did. The medium sat still in her chair three or four feet from the table. Presently I heard the paper rustle, and in a few minutes after the same sheet of paper was handed to me, folded in letter form, by a hand from under the table that was not the medium's, and we were the only persons in the room. I unfolded the sheet, and there was a letter written in pencil, in good English, with the name of a classmate in college with me attached in the usual manner at the bottom. He had been dead forty years."

A few months after this conversation, I was one Sunday at the Independent Church in Peterboro. Mr. Smith was speaking, and, in his remarks, said, that it was strange that real and vital Christianity made so little progress and advocated so few reforms to benefit the race; that a moral death seemed to have invaded the churches. He then spoke of Spiritualism, and said that the church people were continually calling for evidence—for facts; then turning, he addressed me in this way: "Friend E——, can't you give us some facts?"

I was taken a little by surprise, but, on reflecting a moment, I arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, neighbors and friends:—You all, or nearly all, know me. I have lived here all my life. You also know that I never speak in public. While I love to talk by my own fireside of these important subjects that so agitate the public mind, I shrink from addressing a public assemblage. But, as our neighbor and generous friend has called me out and asked me to give you facts relating to Spiritualism, I will briefly, in my humble manner, repeat to you a very interesting one that Mr. Smith told me he witnessed a few months ago in New York City. I then narrated to them the story I have just told you, adding, though I have been a believer and investigator of Spiritualism, and a medium for nearly twenty years, I have never in all that time witnessed anything so entirely convincing, that the spirits of our departed friends can return and intelligently communicate with us, as this fact which our friend said he witnessed. You all know Mr. Smith too well to have the faintest doubt as to the truthfulness of his words, and I now call on him to say whether I have reported him correctly. He arose, I thought, with more embarrassment than I had ever seen him manifest, and replied in clear and distinct tones, "Every word is true that our neighbor has said I told him."

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

SUNAPEE LAKE SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire and Vermont will hold a camp-meeting at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing August 21, and closing September 8, 1879.

Situation of Grove.—Blodgett's Landing is situated in the town of Newbury, N. H., upon the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee, six miles from the railroad station on the Concord and Claremont Railroad. The steamer Lady Woodsum makes connections with all trains on this road at Newbury Station.

Speakers for 1879.—Rev. J. M. Peebles, M. D., of Hammonton, N. J., who has traveled twice around the world, is expected to be in attendance during the last week of the meeting. He is an eloquent speaker and clear thinker. Mrs. E. L. Paul, of Stowe, Vt., a fine inspirational speaker, will be present through the entire meeting. Geo. A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., well known throughout the East, will be present during the entire meeting. Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., President of Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, has promised to be present September 7. Mrs. Lizzie Manchester and Mrs. Geo. Pratt, both fine speakers, from Vermont, are expected. Other speakers are engaged and expected.

Mediums.—W. Harry Powell, independent slate-writer, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. Eddy, and his sister, Mrs. Huntoon, both materializing mediums; Henry B. Allen, musical and physical, Amherst, Mass.; Fred. Foster, fire-test medium, of Orange, Mass.; Dr. A. Hodges, test medium, of Boston, Mass., and many others, too numerous to mention, will be present during the meeting.

Music.—The Sunapee Cornet Band and a good orchestra will be in attendance. Sacred concerts will be given every Sunday. Also a good choir will be organized, rendering great service to the meetings.

General Notes.—Steamer rates.—From Newbury to Blodgett's Landing, 25 cents. Camp baggage conveyed free. Half fare from all points on the Lake.

Car fare.—Reduced fare expected over the Concord and Claremont, Vermont Central and other roads.

Parties from [illegible] and Vermont will connect with the Concord and Claremont Railroad at Claremont Junction. From Eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire, will make connections at Concord.

Tents.—The price of tents will be from three to to five dollars. Ground rent free to those who bring their own tents.

A good grocery store, well stocked with all needed provisions, will be upon the grounds.

A large dining hall has been erected, and will be under the charge of George W. Blodgett. Board, $3 per week. Dinners, 50 cents. Lodging for 25 cents. Bedticks will be filled for 15 cents. Boats, 50 cents a day.

A post office will be found at headquarters. Telegraph office near.

Spiritualistic books will be for sale on the grounds. Notably among them the entire works of Prof. Wm Denton and Dr. Peebles. Also, the *Banner of Light*, the ablest Spiritual journal in the world, and MIND AND MATTER, the only independent Spiritual journal in America.

A large stock of ice, stored in commodious ice houses of Mr. Blodgett, will be furnished at reasonable rates.

A good photograph artist will be present.

A restaurant will be established upon the grounds.

Moonlight excursions on the steamer Lady Woodsum will be in order.

Pic-nic days.—August 26, 28, September 2 and 4, will be pic-nic days. Speaking in the morning at 10:30. Dancing at 2 and 7 P. M.

All letters of inquiry should be addressed to either one of the committee.

HENRY B. ALLEN, Amherst, Mass.,
GEO. A. FULLER, Sherborn, Mass.,
GEO. W. BLODGETT, Newbury, N. H.,
Committee of Arrangements.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists will take place August 28, 29, 30 and 31, at Nashville, Barry county, on the line of the Grand River Valley Railroad. The meeting will be held in Lemuel Smith's beautiful grove, one-half mile from the depot, which will be arranged to accommodate all who may come. In case of rain, the Opera House will be used. This is expected to be one of the largest and most profitable meetings ever held in this State.

The following speakers will be present and take an active part: J. H. Burnham, Saginaw City, Mich; T. H. Stewart, Kendallville, Ind.; Giles B. Stebbins, Detroit, Mich.; S. B. McCracken, Detroit, do.; Mrs L. A. Pearsall, Disco, do; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Battle Creek, do; Mrs. M. E. French, Greenville, do; J. P. Whiting, Milford, do.; Chas. A. Andrus, Flushing, do.; Mrs. Mary C. Gale, Byron, do.; Mrs. Sarah Graves, Grand Rapids, do.; George H. Geer, Battle Creek, do.; Dr. W. Jordon, Thornton, do.; Mrs. H. Morse, Wayland, do.; Dr. E. B. Wheelock, Saranac, do.; Dr. I. D. Seeley, Buchanan, do.; M. Babcock, St. Johns, do.; J. H. Harter, Auburn, N. Y.; Dr. R. Garter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fine singing will enliven the occasion by Mrs. Olie Child, Greenville, Mich.; Prof. P. O. Hudson, Detroit, do., and M. C. Vandercook, Allegan, do.

In addition to the above-named speakers, all the mediums in the State are cordially invited to be present, as a free tent will be provided, and, during intermissions from speaking and business, seances will be in session. As many visitors as possible will be accommodated by the friends. First-class hotel accommodations at Wolcott House at one dollar per day; at Union Hotel at the rate of $6 per week.

Committee of Arrangements: Mr. Lemuel Smith, Mrs. C. W. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Teighnet, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Saulsbury, Mrs. E. Chipman, Mrs. G. T. Fuller, Mrs. Bachelor, Mrs. Ware, of Nashville, Mich.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the great flower medium, and Dr. Henry Slade, the world-renowned medium, will be secured, if possible.

A. B. SPINNEY, President.
MISS J. R. LANE, Secretary.

BASKET MEETING.

There will be a Basket Meeting at Rasinville, Monroe county, Mich., August 24, at the residence of John Naggs. A general invitation is extended Liberalist and Spiritualist.

CAMP-MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Soloman Valley will hold a seven days' Camp-meeting at Pleasant Valley, eight miles northeast of Minneapolis and fourteen miles southeast of Delphos, Ottowa county, Kansas, commencing August 22d, 1879. Good speakers are expected.

Any Liberal person wishing to see the most desirable place for a location, will do well to visit our county at this time.

J. N. BLANCHARD.

Delphos, July 31.

THE ANNUAL ALLIANCE CONVENTION OF LIBERALS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

The Alliance Convention of Liberals and Spiritualists will take place August 28, 29, 30 and 31, at Alliance, Ohio. The Convention will be held in College Chapel and large College Hall.

The following speakers are expected to be present and take an active part in the meeting: Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Dr. Samuel Watson, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, O. P. Kellogg, A. J. Fishback, A. B. Bradford, A. B. French and others. The Independent Christian Church, the largest Liberal and Spiritualist Society in the State, extends a hearty welcome to all friends of the cause. Every possible arrangement will be made to make comfortable all delegates and visitors to the Convention. As many visitors as possible will be accommodated by the friends.

First-class hotel accommodations can be had, by early applying at the Spiritual Healing Institute, for one dollar per day. The Institute adjoins the College grounds, where the Convention will be held. Still cheaper arrangements can be made for board and lodging by addressing the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, S. Bigelow. All the mediums in the State are specially invited to attend. We are already able to announce that many of the finest test mediums in the country will be present.

The singing will be conducted by the Independent Church choir, one of the finest choirs in Eastern Ohio. Those who wish entertainment in the Institute should address, at once, R. C. Flower. Those wishing other arrangements should address, S. Bigelow, Chairman of Committee on Arrangements.

R. C. FLOWERS,
ENOS HILLIS,
A. W. COATES,
W. S. PETTIT,
Committee.

A NATIONAL LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL CAMP-MEETING IN KANSAS.

W. H. T. Wakefield, of Lawrence, Kansas, announces that arrangements have been fully perfected for the great National Liberal and Spiritual Camp-meeting, at Bismarck Grove, in this place, to begin September 5th, and last one week. It is intended to make this a ringing protest against ecclesiastical encroachments upon civil authority. The liberal leaguers of Kansas hold their State Convention at the same time and place to perfect State organization. Ex-Governor Charles Robinson is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Upon the committee are three members of the Supreme Court and five leading editors, besides attorneys, physicians and prominent business men. This will be the largest gathering of Spiritualists and Liberals ever held in the West. We have already secured several very prominent speakers, and hope to get many others.

Bismarck is the finest grove in the West, and less than half rates are promised on all roads from Chicago west.

SOMETHING FOR THE ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM TO EXPLAIN.

BOSTON, August 1, 1879.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith forward one of the many experiences of a friend of mine, a retired sea captain and a very worthy man, which he has written at my request, with a view to its publication in your excellent journal.

I remain yours, faithfully,
ROBERT COOPER.

MALDEN, Mass., July 20, 1879.

ROBERT COOPER, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Agreeable to your request, coming through our most excellent friend Mrs. Dr. Spear, at whose house I told you the story of my spirit communication relating to the safety of the United States steamer Tennessee, I now comply with your desire most cheerfully, and write the story as I experienced it, that it may be published in MIND AND MATTER for the benefit of all who may take an interest in such important truths.

At the time the steamer Tennessee was on her mission to the Island of San Domingo with our Government Commissioners on board, to examine the island as to its value, in view of annexation to this country. She was so long a time without being heard from, that strong doubts of her safety were freely expressed by our Government and nation. Every day's absence after the time she was expected to arrive, increased the anxiety for her safety, until almost every one supposed the vessel had foundered with all on board in a gale that was experienced here the day after she sailed from her home port. The excitement consequent on her supposed loss was intense, the principal topic of conversation being the loss of the Government steamer Tennessee. In this state of affairs I resolved to test the truth of spirit communication. With this purpose in view, I went to New York, and called on Dr. Mansfield, the world-renowned spiritual medium, and I wrote a telegram in these words:

"Capt. Temple, of the United States steamship Tennessee. Please tell me the whereabouts of your vessel; great anxiety is expressed for her safety. Yours, truly, JAMES M. HILL."

I folded the message many times and sealed it. The Doctor was out of the room at the time. When he came in I told him I wanted an answer to the message. He ran his fingers over the folds of the paper for a minute or more to get the connection. Then he began to write, and when he stopped writing, he said to me, "Why, this is from your old friend Carlo Bassini!" I was surprised, and remarked there must be some mistake about this; I did not write to Bassini. "But," said Mansfield, "you please read his dispatch."

"Dear Captain:—Why call for the living? That man is still a mortal and in full command of the United States Government steamer Tennessee. She is safe at anchor in one of the ports in the island repairing the machinery crippled in the storm. The news of her safety is now on the way, which you will receive within three days.

From your old friend,
CARLO BASSINI."

I do assure you, my dear sir, that I was well satisfied with the truthfulness of this communication. I left New York that evening for my home in Portsmouth, N. H., where the family of the engineer of the Tennessee were residing. The next day I called at the residence and asked to see the lady of the house. The servant told me the lady was very ill, and could not see any stranger. I told her to tell her mistress that I had good news from the Tennessee that I wished to tell her in person. At the sound of these magic words the wife of the engineer came before me at one bound from the chamber floor to the front door, and motioned me to her parlor. There we stood face to face, perfect strangers to each other, her eyes red with weeping, and tears dropping from the eyelids. She at once asked what authority I had for the good news I brought her, saying, "I have many friends connected with the navy, and no one of them has any good news for me" (her father was a commodore). I handed her the question and message, the one to Capt. Temple and the other from Carlo Bassini, both attached to each other in one envelope, and I said to her, "This is my authority, my dear madam;" but said no more then. I had a commission to do that required but few words to do it, and I considered that prudence was the better part of valor in this particular case.

I presumed she did not know the philosophy of spirit communication, although her Bible teaches that the spirit discerneth all things. I watched her countenance as she read and re-read the telegrams, and I noticed the changes of expression of her doubts of the truth, and her fears of the death of her husband. Then was the time for me to speak, and I spoke emphatically and with authority, and said, "Dear madam, the good news I bring to you is truth, whether you believe me or not. You will receive a letter from your husband within three days from now." These words and the manner in which they were spoken had the effect of unloading the grief of her overburdened heart, and making her spirit as buoyant as a feather on the wings of the zephyr.

This interview with the wife of the engineer of the United States steamer Tennessee happened on Saturday. By noon on the following Monday the telegraphic wires were carrying the messages over our country of the safety of the steamer Tennessee. The mail that brought the joyful news from San Domingo also brought the letter-bag from the Tennessee, and in it was a letter from the engineer to his wife corroborating all I had told her about the vessel.

Now, my dear sir, it seems to me that this communication between myself and the spirit world would, of itself, be sufficient to convince any human being that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of any man, as divine as he may appear in his pulpit, or as great a statesman as he may think himself to be or his friends may consider him. It goes to show that there is more intelligence in the spirit world than there ever was, or ever will be, in the material world, notwithstanding whatever may be said to the contrary.

There are conditions to be observed in communicating with the higher intelligences. The motives must be good, and the correspondents true to themselves and their friends with whom they communicate, otherwise no reliance is to be placed in what they say. Both are deceptive, as much so as between two rascally correspondents of earth-life; one is withholding from the other what he wishes to know the most, using the cunning arts of all the tricks in trade and trade in tricks, in religion and in politics, deceiving as the devilish spirit is always deceiving. In my own case in question, I knew the spirit well that answered my telegram to Capt. Temple. He was a most noble man while in earth-life, and he is still more noble now, having advanced rapidly toward the highest spheres. Enclosed I send you a copy of his merit when here with us, which I would like to have printed with this article, that the world may know him as he is now, and as he was before he shook off the mortal coil.

JAMES MADISON HILL.

Mind and Matter.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, M. S., 32.

☞ Entered at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., as second-class matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
Second Story, No. 713 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. ROBERTS . . . . . . PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Each line in nonpareil type, fifteen cents for the first insertion, and half this rate for each subsequent insertion.

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"J. Murry Case's Opinion."

Mr. Case says: "As to trance speakers, who pretend to speak in a perfectly unconscious condition, I don't believe one exists, *or ever did exist*."

We would like to ask Mr. Case whether his is not a rather muddled case. He very emphatically declares that he does not believe a speaker "*ever did exist*" who "pretended to speak in a perfectly unconscious condition," and goes on to say they (those speakers that he don't believe exist or ever had an existence) "assume the trance, and give the name of some dignatory as their control, simply to give more authority to their words. This is my opinion. I may be wrong."

Please, Mr. Case, tell us, if you can, what your opinion is, and then we will tell you whether you are wrong or not. We strongly suspect that you are absurdly wrong, regardless of what you mean; but we will suspend judgement in this Case until we hear something definite from you.

"The Organ of the Spiritual Institution."

The *Medium and Daybreak*, London, England, notices us as follows;

"The editor of MIND AND MATTER, is writing a long series of articles describing contests he has had with 'Loyola' and other Jesuitical spirits. That there are Jesuitical spirits in the flesh and out of it trying to impede and corrupt Spiritualism is a truth, but is "Loyola" one of them? It has been stated elsewhere, that the spirit referred to has seen the light, and is now engaged in teaching spiritual truth, altogether of an anti-Jesuitical tendency. An ignorant or perverted spirit is not bound to remain so. The contest in MIND AND MATTER looks more like a farce than a tragedy."

This flattering notice of our statements of our "Experience with the Spirit enemies of Spiritualism" is more than we expected from the "organ of the Spiritual Institution." We feel very sure that this non-living "responsible official" of that farcical "institution" will conclude that our narrative of facts will prove in the end less farcical than he now in his ignorance imagines it will result. We assure Brother Burns that neither he nor his Spiritual Institution possesses all the information that is to be had concerning Spiritualism. We assure him that we have the best reason for believing that the spirit of Ignatius Loyola is not now opposing Spiritualism; just as good reason as we have for knowing that, up to the present year, he has been doing so with a power and perseverance never surpassed by an individual spirit. Wait and see the end of that farce, and you will be less egotistic, Brother Burns, than you are unfortunately for your own good and that of the cause of Spiritualism.

"Bob Ingersoll on the Jews."

The reader will no doubt have seen the account of the illiberal and unwarranted treatment of Jews as a class of persons by the proprietors of the Manhattan Beach Hotel. This outrage on the rights and feelings of an inoffensive and numerous class of citizens called forth a universal protest from the press and public. Among those who have sought occasion to make known their views upon that subject is Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In a letter to Hon. J. J. Noah, Col. Ingersoll very justly says:

"Nothing is more infamous than the oppression of a class. Each man has the right to be judged upon his own merits. To oppress him or to hold him in contempt on account of religion, race or color, is a crime.

"Every man should be treated justly and kindly not because he is, or is not a Jew or Gentile, but because he is a human being, and as such capable of joy and pain. If at any hotel a man fails to act in a decent, becoming manner, let him be put out, not on account of the nation (race?) to which he belongs, but on account of his behavior. Any other course is unjust and cruel."

All this is straight to the purpose and fairly expresses a very general public view of the mean and contemptible conduct of these bigoted and selfish violators of the rights of American citizens. But what in the name of common sense does Col. Ingersoll mean when he says:

"Neither should it be forgotten that the Jews furnished their persecutors with a religion and that they are the only people, according to the dogmas of the day, with whom the Almighty ever deigned to have any intercourse whatever.

"When we remember that God selected a Jewess for his mother, passing by the women of India, Egypt, Athens, Rome, as well as the grandmothers of Corbin, it is hardly in good taste for the worshippers of that same God to hold the Jews in scorn.

"We should remember that the Jews were the only people inspired. All the 'sacred' writers, all the 'prophets,' were of the race, and while Christians almost worship Abraham, notwithstanding the affair with Hagar, and his willingness to murder his own son; and while he held in almost infinite respect David, the murderer, and Solomon, the Mormon, it certainly is not perfectly consistent to denounce men and women of the same race who have committed no crime.

"The Christians have always been guilty of this inconsistency with regard to the Jews—they have worshipped the dead and persecuted the living."

In reading these four bitterly sarcastic paragraphs of Col. Ingersoll, we are at a loss to know for whom he intended that sarcasm. It applies about equally to both Jews and Christians; but as Col. Ingersoll's letter is addressed to a prominent and representative Jew we think he must have intended it even more for the Jews than for their Christian enemies. We cannot but feel that his ridicule of what both Jews and Christians regard as sacred was out of place and in very bad taste, to say the least.

We fully agree with Col. Ingersoll, however, when he says:

"It will not do in this second century of the United States to insult a gentleman because of his nation (race?). We are, at last, a great, rich and prosperous people. Greatness should be great. Wealth should be generous, and prosperity should at least beget good manners.

"Every American should resent every insult to humanity, for while the rights of the lowest are trampled upon the liberties of the highest are not safe.

"While for the ancient myths and fables of your people, I have not the respect entertained by Christians, I still hold the rights of the Jews to be as sacred as my own."

We cannot but see in these ebullitions of Christian bigotry the approach of that dissolution that will ere long overtake the worn-out and effete ecclesiastical institutions of the present day. Those who regard those ebullitions as evidence of reviving vitality on the part of sectarian Christianity see only the surface of things. Deep down in the old and diseased body of ecclesiasticism the canker of selfishness and jealousy is eating away its vitals, and it must die and give way to a religion of love and brotherly unity. Too long have mankind been divided and ruled by those who have availed themselves of their divisions and dissentions to live in ease, idleness, luxury and power, to the undoing of the common interests and happiness of all. We say of the common interests and happiness of all—for those who seek to monopolize wealth, power and ease at the expense of their fellow-men are as much foes to their own true interests and happiness as they are to those from whom they enjoy that monopoly. Yet a little while, and those things will not be. The light from supernal spheres of intelligence is finding its way more and more to the earth, and before it the icy bonds of ignorance and selfishness will be melted away forever. God hasten that time.

Professor Kiddle.

In commenting on a criticism in the *Alliance*, of Chicago, on the course taken by Prof. Kiddle in relation to Spiritualism, we spoke as follows in MIND AND MATTER of June 4:

"The inexperience of Prof. Kiddle in observing Spiritual phenomena led him to conclude that those phenomena had not been properly understood and interpreted, and that by his very brief and inadequate examination of the subject, he had found the key that would unlock the esoteric and mystical instructions and doctrines which were hidden under the letter of the Christian Scriptures. Accordingly, Prof. Kiddle announced to the world his wonderful discovery, as he esteemed it to be. He would have the world know and understand that he alone was competent to determine the uses of knowledge concerning Spiritual manifestations and occurrences. Those manifestations had stood as a menace to prevailing theology, and hence were not worthy of acceptance by Prof. Kiddle; but when he could no longer ignore them, his only thought was how he could dovetail them on to that receptacle of Spiritual error. That he should have limited his view of the proper uses of Spiritual knowledge to modifying and construing the principles of orthodox theology, shows how little qualified Prof. Kiddle was to become a successful champion of the cause which he aimed to lead and mould to his contracted purposes."

In replying to the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, who had greatly disparaged the the course of Prof. Kiddle, the latter, in the last number of that paper, refers to our criticisms of his position as follows:

"In opposition to all this the editor of a journal which represents Spiritualism (MIND AND MATTER) accuses me of an attempt to Christianize Spiritualism on the supposition that I have made a discovery, forsooth, that Modern Spiritualism and Christian Spiritualism, or Christianity are one and the same thing."

This is all the disclaimer that Prof. Kiddle has felt warranted in making in regard to our statement of his public position as a Spiritualist, and we may therefore justly conclude that we were in all essential points correct. We did not intend to imply by what we said that Prof. Kiddle was the original discoverer, or supposed himself to be the original discoverer, of the supposed identity of Modern Spiritualism with the Christianity of nineteen hundred years ago. We intended to imply nothing more than that Prof. Kiddle had made the personal discovery, through spiritual manifestations which he had witnessed, that those two dispensations of Spiritual knowledge were identical. We did not think of doing him the injustice to suppose that he was ignorant of the many unsuccessful efforts which have been made to lure the votaries of dogmatic Christianity into the Spiritual camp. What we did think, and what we now think, is that Mr. Kiddle supposed the evidence which he had received, bearing upon that subject, to be such as reasonable persons would not reject, and that the publication of that evidence would contribute effectually to Christianize the Spiritual movement. This, Prof. Kiddle will hardly deny, in view of the dogmatical inferences that he draws from his phenomenal evidences of the truths of Modern Spiritualism. As evidence of the absoluteness of those truths, we regard the facts stated in the book of Prof. Kiddle as possessing much value and instruction, but as wholly valueless as proof of the identity of Spiritualism with Christianity.

But to show that we have not misjudged Prof. K. or his object in publicly identifying himself with Modern Spiritualism, I will quote a part of a sentence in his reply to Col. Bundy. He says:

"I emphatically say, that if to become a Spiritualist, I must cease to be a Christian, I shall never enter the ranks of what some call the New Dispensation. This grand Spiritualistic movement is, indeed, a new dispensation, but not in that sense."

And why not in that sense, as well as in any other sense? Will Prof. Kiddle, or Prof. Buchanan, or Dr. Crowell, or Dr. Peebles, or any of the other of the prominent Spiritualistic workers for the establishment of Christian Spiritualism (whatever that may mean), inform us why Modern Spiritualism is not in *that*, as well as in every other sense, a new dispensation of truth. But what kind of a friend of this, not only new, but grandly new dispensation of truth, is Prof. Kiddle, when he would ignore and antagonize it in the face of the positive evidence of its truth, if, by acknowledging its truth, he would have to give up his Christian prejudices and pre-conceived notions? Modern Spiritualism is essentially antagonistic to all that is comprehended in the term Christianity, and this is made clearly evident by the relentless and unscrupulous efforts of the Christian clergy of all denomination and sects to impede its resistless advance. But for what is designated Christianity, Modern Spiritualism would to-day be accepted, and its inappreciable truths applied to the benificent amelioration of the condition of the whole human race. This is a fact that must sooner or later be fairly recognized by all workers in the Spiritualistic ranks, and when it is, the pulling apart process will cease among them, and all will stand shoulder to shoulder against that common enemy of truth.

MRS. M. M. PRATT, of Aurora, Ill., is now at Freeville, N. Y., where she will remain for a short time to lecture, give tests in spirit photography, heal the sick, etc.

The Ecstacies of Death!

"Oh! that I had the pen of an angel to describe the ecstacies of dying." Such was the exclamation of the eminent Dr. Hunter, as he was undergoing his new birth into the spirit-life. We are reminded of this event by the following incident referred to by Bronson Murray, Esq., in a recent communication to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. He says:

"The *Christian Advocate* announced that a child three years' old, dying of scarlet fever, and for hours unconscious, suddenly opened her eyes, looked around the room as though filled with wonder and delight, and exclaimed, clapping her hands, 'Oh! mama, see the beautiful children!' Her mother said, 'Where?' 'Oh! all around,' she replied, turning her head in every direction. 'They are coming, they are coming, they are close to me.' And in a transport of joy, she put up both hands, laughing gleefully, and died."

There are few persons who are familiar with death-bed scenes, who have not witnessed scenes similar to the one here described, but how little they appreciate the lessons which these scenes impart as to the true nature of the change called death. Educated to believe that no human spirit has ever returned to earth after it has severed its connection with the body it once inhabited, they cannot realize the actuality of such visitations as this little artless, truthful child realized as the spirit took its flight. Time out of mind such occurrences have been regarded as the result of mental wandering and delusion on the part of the dying person. In our own experience we recall the last moments of a cherished relative, an aged woman, who for hours before her departure conversed with one who had been her affianced lover, but who was lost at sea. His presence to her was as real as it had ever been. For forty-five years we had lived in the same house, without her ever having mentioned his name in the hearing of the family. As death drew near, her spirit became so far freed from its physical incumbrance as to render it spiritually conscious of the presence of him who had been nearer to her than all else, and she held converse with him as he awaited her enfranchisement from the mortal life.

If there was no other evidence of the truth of Modern Spiritualism than that which is afforded by the natural phenomenon called death, that alone would suffice to prove those truths beyond all doubt.

In administering consolation to the friends of the departed, on funeral occasions, how common a thing it is for clergymen of all denominations, and all those who publicly testify to the dying scene of the mourned and "lost," to dwell upon the last utterances and acts of the loved ones, and with these to comfort and cheer the sorrowing friends so far as those utterances and acts afford assurance of a happy and joyful reunion in the spirit life. Where is the man, however cold and heartless he may be, that at this day dares to tell the sorrowing husband or wife or child or affectionate relative that the truths which have been made manifest through the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are false, and that the earthly affections are severed, never again to be enjoyed?

The philosophy of death is as necessary to be understood correctly by mortals as is the philosophy of life. Without this, life is but a wearisome journey since the gloomy prospect of an uncomprehended death clouds every moment of conscious being.

The phenomenon called death comes in so many forms and under so many circumstances, that the study of it seems to be the readiest way of determining the true relations of the soul or spirit to the physical form in which it is temporarily clothed. Is not the decline from mature and fully developed mortal life, however protracted, a part of the process of death, or rather a mundane gestation, preparatory to the brith of the mature spirit?

In the remarkable case of Miss Mary Fancher, we have an instance of an arrested physical development, and at the same time an arrested death. For many years the spirit of this remarkable woman has remained connected with a body which hardly subserves a vital function, and when death comes to her in its finality, she will hardly realize the change in her condition, for she now lives as much without that poor remnant of a body as in it. When that takes place Miss Fancher will enter the spirit life in the fullest realization of spiritual development and perfection.

How is it with the little three-year old child, whose dying exclamations called for these musings? Will it always remain a little child? Will it know no more of spirit life than it did of earth? If it grows in spirit and in knowledge, then why may not all grow in spirit and knowledge? This little child was undeveloped in body as well as spirit, why may not those who have developed in body, but who have not developed in spirit, grow in spirit life? Will you answer, ye who claim that we are not all heirs of eternal happiness as well as eternal life?

Attempts to Suppress Spiritualism by Law.

We have received a letter from G. G. W. Van Horn, Magnetic Healer, 533 Main street, Kansas City, informing us that he was indicted on June 7th last, for practicing medicine and surgery without being enrolled as a physician, contrary to the laws of the State of Missouri. Mr. Van Horn was bound over to answer that indictment in $300 bail. The case was set down for trial on June 19th. The evidence for the State was Miss Emma Hauk, who testified that Mr. Van H. had treated her for a lame limb, and that he had applied his hand wet with cold water to the affected parts; that he gave her no medicine internally or externally, and resorted to no surgery whatever during his treatment of her.

The State's Attorney, Peake, maintained that water applied by the hands was sufficient to warrant a conviction. He asked the Judge to decide that water was a medicine. The case was held under advisement until Monday, June 23d. The Judge consulted Dr. Porter, the City Physician, who advised the Judge that according to one school of medicine water, applied to treat with, was practicing medicine and could not be resorted to without a certificate of enrolment as a regular physician. Under that preposterous advice the Judge, without hearing any evidence for the defence, on the counsel for Mr. Van Horn demurring to the ruling, decided him guilty, and fined him two hundred and fifty dollars and ordered him to pay in addition the costs of prosecution.

Not being able to give security for the payment of the fine and costs Mr. Van Horn was committed to the common jail, where he was confined in a five by seven cell.

On the morning of June 25th, Mr. Van Horn's counsel petitioned for a new trial by jury, and he was brought into court to give bail to that end. This application was refused until July 1st, when, after an able appeal of his counsel, Mr. Warner, a new trial was refused. Application was then made to have the fine reduced, as it was exorbitant. This application was held under advisement until the next morning, when the fine of $250 was remitted and an imprisonment of fifteen days imposed.

It seems hardly possible to conceive that such legal proceedings as these could take place in a land where freedom of opinion and individual liberty are the fundamental basis of the government. Such proceedings are neither consistent with common sense or the protection of society. When men enjoying professional monopolies resort to such measures to secure and perpetuate their undeserved advantages over their fellow-citizens, they little understand the contempt which their narrow and jealous conduct awakens in the public mind. Mr. Van Horn declares it to be his purpose to continue to treat all persons magnetically who may need his services as a magnetic healer. If again interfered with by jealous professionals he will carry the matter to the highest tribunals, and only submit when every chance of exercising his God-given gifts are denied to him in the courts. Liberalists and Spiritualists of Missouri see to it that your right of free judgment is not stricken down in the person of Mr. Van Horn, should he be again called to face the foes of private opinion and personal freedom in seeking relief from disease or accident.

In the *Daily Pioneer*, Kansas City, is the following editorial announcement:

"PROSECUTING MEDIUMS."

"Mrs. M. Jamieson, test medium, at 1435 Main street (Kansas City), was, on Wednesday last, served with a warrant, charged with a violation of a city ordinance in regard to fortune-telling. The ordinance requires a license of $50 annually for fortune-telling in Kansas City. The authorities notified Mrs. Jamieson of the claim that her vocation came under the ordinance, and she at once stopped giving seances and the demand now is for back tax. She was allowed to go at large without bonds and the case is set for trial at the Recorder's Court, on Tuesday, August 4th, at 8.30. Mediums claim that the ordinance does not include their business."

We know no more concerning the ordinances of Kansas City than we learn from the above announcement, but if that city has an ordinance licensing *fortune-telling*, then is Kansas City engaged in a business which we undertake to say is not carried on by any other city in America. That there should be an ordinance prohibiting fortune-telling, if there is no state law to that effect, would be natural, for there is nothing more demoralizing and corrupting than the superstitious belief that human beings have the power to tell fortunes; but for a city to license persons to carry on and propagate that delusion surpasses reasonable comprehension. What between the jealousies of parchmented M. D.'s and licensed fortune-tellers, spiritual mediums are made to suffer, in Kansas City, such injustice as would be tolerated in few other quarters of the Union.

We shall await with interest the outcome of this last, but most absurd of all the attempts that have yet been made to suppress Spiritualism. We thought the Jesuit attempt which was made in this city, two years ago, was about the meanest movement of the kind that had been made in that direction, but the Kansas City officials beat it out of sight in absurdity.

We Call the Gentlemen to Order.

Col. Bundy, as one of your most constant and appreciative readers, we rise to call the disputants, Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan and Mr. Wm. Emmett Coleman, to order. Our point of order is this. It is not according to the rules of journalistic disputation for one or two unamiable controversialists to seek to monopolize all the harsh and unkind sayings that their domineering dispositions incite the utterance of. Especially do we think Prof. Buchanan to be out of order.

It was he who set the ball of disputation in motion, by undertaking to question the propriety of Mr. Coleman's criticisms of those who, inadvertently or otherwise, raised the floodgates of his wrath. This was a most grievous offence to Mr. Coleman, who especially prides himself on the eternal and universal fitness of the things which flow from his pen or fall from his lips of transcendent wisdom. Prof. Buchanan ought to have known better than to do this, if not for his own peace of mind, at least for the peace of the readers of the *Journal*. You have made a serious mistake in opening your columns to this "Kilkenny cat" fight, for the wise spirits only know when it will end. We greatly fear it will knock the new Religion of Love, which Dr. Buchanan has set about founding, higher than the "Life of Christ," which Henry Ward Beecher was laboring to complete, was knocked by the Beecher-Tilton trial. We cannot but think Dr. Buchanan was recklessly inconsiderate if he thought to silence Mr. Coleman and escape his angry vituperation. Mr. Coleman does not recognize Prof. Buchanan's claim to represent the Saviour of mankind, and hence very naturally concluded he would test the sincerity of his assumed meekness and loving kindness. Alas! Dr. B. proved that old Adam had as much and a little more to do with him than the Nazarene, and hence he could not patiently bear with the resentful upbraidings of his wayward friend, and like a sorely pressed member of the Society of Friends, he pulled off his garments of spiritual Christianity and laid them aside until he could smite his obstreperous defier into something like docility.

We feel that the fight is too evenly balanced to have a speedy ending; we therefore move that you enforce order in this case, or bring the session to a close by closing the columns of the *Journal* against them. In order that you may see the propriety of our motion, we cite the following effects of the "last round." Mr. Coleman says:

"For Prof. Buchanan to criticise me for vituperative and intemperate language is a notable instance of 'the pot calling the kettle black.' As a controversialist and partisan, Dr. B., for at least thirty years, to my knowledge, has been an undoubted master in the use of vituperation, invective and intemperance in language. His criticisms of opponents, in his *Journal of Man*, thirty years ago, were unsparing in their severity; while his attack upon A. J. Davis and his writings therein were not only bitter, but, in some instances, extremely unjust. Dr. B. asserted that 'Nature's Divine Revelations' and Davis' early writings were deficient in any exemplification of the principle of justice, any comprehension of, or appeal to, the principles outflowing from the faculty of conscientiousness: a statement untrue, self-evidently so, to every reader of Davis's works, and one which every lover of truth and justice will characterize as somewhat puerile,' while Dr. B.'s controversial writings in general attest that he is deficient in patience, calmness, courtesy, and comprehensiveness of thought? A year or two ago, Dr. B. published, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, a reply to Dr. Carpenter, *et al.*, upon Spiritualism, which, for vituperation, abuse, invective and intemperance of language, that outheroded Herod. A scientific treatise in such a periodical, especially upon an unpopular subject like Spiritualism, should have been couched in cool, logical, respectful, unimpassioned language; but as it was, its violent tone and character only injured the cause it was presumed to strengthen. For his wealth of adjective and epithet in this essay, the editor, Prof. Youmans, thus rebuked him: 'We fear, however, that the critic has forgotten, for once, that denunciatory epithets, however profuse and peppery, are not arguments.' As Dr. B. has been addicted to vituperation and violent language for, probably, more years than I have lived on this planet, it seems scarcely fitting for him to take me to task for, in a modified manner, 'following in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor.'"

In closing this "fire and tow" silt at Prof. Buchanan, Mr. Coleman proceeds to demolish the Professor's pet enterprise after the following implacable method. He says:

"If I have been so foolish as to renounce belief in certain things found erroneous (Christianity, etc.), and accept other things deemed true (Spiritualism, etc.), I have never been credulous enough to believe that I had held direct personal communion with Jesus Christ; that he was to me a present living friend, in sympathy with whom, and in accordance with whose wishes, I am proceeding in the establishment of a church for the renovation and restoration of his religion; or that the Virgin (?) Mary and Jesus have recently materialized; or that Jesus has posed for tin-types and photographs of himself here in America; or that, a few years ago, at a seance in Jerusalem, Jesus, the Twelve Apostles and Paul met together for the first time on earth since the crucifixion, in order to entrance an American medium in that Holy City, and thus carry on a conversation with a noted American Spiritualist temporarily therein sojourning. No reference to Dr. B. in the last three sentences, not knowing whether he accepts them as truths or not, though his ready acceptance of all kinds of 'loose' and scientifically unattested phenomena, some certainly fraudulent, and a much larger quantity very suspicious in its character, renders it propable that he would have no difficulty in assimilating these Jesusian marvels with his Spiritualo-Christian consciousness."

Now, we insist that this vituperative and un-Spiritual war of epithets shall cease, even in the *R.-P. Journal*, that commodious vehicle for the conveyance of such discordant literary commodities as this diatribe of Mr. Coleman. If this is to be the outcome of Prof. Buchanan's proceeding to establish a church for the renovation and restoration of the religion of Jesus Christ, we think the less that church is renovated, restored and established, within the Spiritual movement, the better it will be for peace, harmony and good will among Spiritualists. That Christian sectaries should fall foul of each other, and deafen the world with their vituperative clamor is to be expected and endured, as it is their nature to practice nothing that they profess; but that enlightened Spiritualists should be so zealous to outrival them in discordant squabbling is past endurance. Please, Brother Bundy, admonish these irate brethren that they are out of order, and that the consequences may be serious to both of them, if they are permitted to fight longer for the last word.

If the insensate fight must go on, we would suggest to these learned and scientific combatants that they would do well to avail themselves of the precedent set them by Daniel O'Connell. When at college that great-hearted friend of freedom, with his college mates, were accustomed to amuse themselves by annoying the feminine venders of fish in a neighboring market, in order to laugh at their vocabulary of abuse. Knowing the infinite humor of O'Connell, two of his friends laid a wager that he would, or would not, be able to have the last word in a verbal bout with the most fluent graduate of the fish-market. At the appointed time, the roisterers assembled to see the wager decided. O'Connell began the contest with some offensive sally, and the battle was on. It became more hot and furious as it proceeded, and it was soon a doubtful question as to which of them would win. At this stage of the contest, O'Connell bethought himself of falling back on his reserve of mathematical terms. When he could think of nothing further in the way of genuine invective, he began by calling out, "You're an old trapezium." You're an old trapezoid." "You're an old rhomboid." "You're an old spheroid." And, as he went on, his antagonist, utterly confounded at these novel missiles, became desperate. Supposing that these, to her, incomprehensible words had some terrible meaning, she began to hesitate, seeing which, O'Connell concluded to give her the *coup de grace* by calling her "an old hypothenuse." This was too much for her, and this heretofore indomitable virago was fairly beaten by true Irish wit.

As Prof. Buchanan is the less vigorous contestant, he has our sympathy, and we would whisper to him that Mr. Coleman knows little or nothing comparatively, about anthropology, and that the technical terms connected with that new and foremost of all sciences could be used with terrible effect upon his vigorous antagonist. As a matter of course, we only make this suggestion in case you, Col. Bundy, cannot stop the war of words.

Gentlemen, if this thing is not stopped right away, we will invoke the interference of the First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, Brother Thomas Lees, general representative. Indeed, fearing that Brother Bundy is taking especial pleasure in having this unnatural strife proceed, we do not think it well to wait to hear the result of this appeal to him, but we call upon Brother Lees to act at once, and have his religious, progressive Spiritual society to go to passing resolutions deprecating any further continuance of the strife. These resolutions will do the business—certain.

Editorial Briefs.

JAMES A. BLISS will open his fall and winter Developing Circle on Tuesday evening, Sept. 2d, at the office of MIND AND MATTER, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR want of space we are compelled to defer the serial narrative of our "Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism" until next week when we will continue it.

MRS. DR. J. W. STANSBURY can be found at the Lake Pleasant Camp Ground. We are informed that her time is fully occupied with private seances and her large correspondence.

WE are informed that Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the gifted inspirational speaker, has been engaged to lecture several Sundays of the present month in Brooklyn, N. Y., and probably in New York city.

WILL our friends everywhere oblige us, and help the cause of Spiritualism, by sending the names and addresses of such Spiritualists and Liberalists as they think would like to see specimen copies of our paper, as we desire to furnish them with such copies.

THE Annual Grove Meeting of Spiritualists and Free Religionists will be held in the grove owned by Daniel Wentworth, between Antwerp and Hixville, Paulding County, Ohio, August 23d and 24th, 1879. Good speakers have been engaged for the occasion.

PRICE REDUCED.—Having a large stock of John Schobe's lithographs, illustrating Longfellow's poem, on hand, we have decided to reduce the price from $2 to $1.50 per pair. Every Spiritualist should have these pictures upon the walls of their homes. See advertisement in another column.

SPACE does not admit of compliance with the request of Capt. J. M. Hill to print, in connection with his letter on our first page, the tribute to the memory of Carlo Rassini, which he requests in closing. The intimate friendship which existed between Capt. Hill and his spirit correspondent is amply sufficient to account for the response which the former received.

WE were favored this week with a visit from that able teacher of true Spiritualism and staunch defender of mediums for materializing and other physical spiritual phenomena, Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn. It is a pity that mediums for these phases of manifestations have so few sympathizers and defenders.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D., has removed to No. 129 East Sixteenth street, New York City, and is now ready to make lecture engagements for fall and winter. He will hold circles at his residence every Tuesday evening, until further notice. Mr. Van Namee is a remarkable medium and should be well sustained.

"SPIRIT Manifestations of Ancient and Modern Times Compared. By Joseph Beals: Greenfield, Mass. Price 10 cents." The first edition of this valuable little work has been exhausted, much to the surprise of the author, who intends to issue another edition immediately. The price is within the reach of all, and investigators and even old confirmed Spiritualists should read it.

JUDGE COOMBS, of Washington, D. C., one of our correspondents and a well-informed and intelligent investigator, and Mr. Stephen J. Younger, of Columbia, Pa., called at our office Tuesday last. The latter gentleman is an earnest worker in the cause, and reports that circles are held three times a week at that city and that they are very well attended by skeptics with satisfactory results.

MRS. CARRIE C. VAN DUZEE, trance lecturer and test medium, has returned to Philadelphia, and reports that she gave tests and lectured in Keeseville and Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. Almost all her audiences were composed of persons who had never heard a Spiritual lecture before. She says St. Lawrence county is a good field for a lecturer who desires to work for the good of humanity without pay.

EUCLID ANNUAL GROVE MEETING.—On Sunday, August 24, the Spiritualists of Euclid and vicinity will hold their regular annual meeting in Porter's Grove, at which the Rev. Samuel Watson of Memphis, Tenn., and Parker Pillsbury, the veteran reformer, will address the friends. The Children's Lyceum of Cleveland will also take part and go through their regular exercises. Come friends, and have a good time. Good speaking; good music, and a good time generally. N. B.—Bring your baskets well filled. Committee—Geo. F. Lewis and Deacon Porter.

WE especially invite the attention of our readers to the able and instructive article of the Rev. F. J. Briggs in another column. It is just such practical and common sense observation and study of Spiritual phenomena which are so much needed to render the Spiritual movement irresistible and its ultimately complete triumph over all opposition near at hand. We sincerely trust that Mr. Briggs will not feel like handing over the work, at which he has proven himself such a master-hand, to any other person. We disparage none of the dazzling lights in Spiritualism, when we say that none of them can substitute this practical observer and writer in the search for the underlying laws of Spiritual facts.

THE Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp Meeting at last has closed. Sunday August 10th was the last "great day." Twenty-two excursion cars (beside the regular trains), brought thousands of persons to the ground to witness the close of the great meeting. Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., occupied the stand in the morning, and Mrs. R. Sheperd, of Minneapolis, Minn., in the afternoon. In the evening all the speakers upon the ground addressed the meeting. It is estimated that fifteen thousand people were in attendance during the day. The order observed by the spectators was perfect, and all expressed themselves sorry that a meeting that had created such interest should close so soon. We are informed that the grounds have been rented for the next year by the committee.

Open Letter to Frederick F. Cook.

431 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I desire to thank you, in this public manner, for your able article published in the *Banner of Light* of August 2d, entitled "Spiritual Rationale," the whole of which I commend to every Spiritualist. But especially, my friend, do I approve and applaud that part which goes to the defence of mediums, and the tests to which many are subjected by most unkind and unreasonable skepticism, or over-zealousness, to establish and bring Spiritualism into what they may deem respectability, every effort to do which degrades both the cause and this self-supposed wise conservator.

Every test demanded I set down as coming from an inward or outward hater, or opposer, no matter what his pretensions are, except now and then a weak-minded Spiritualist, more kind to opposers than to mediums themselves. Any person seeking truth—honestly for truth's sake—will find it in the common mode of spirit manifestations; and if not honestly seeking truth, but only to cavil, will never be convinced, test or no test.

My friend, Cook, for near thirty years I have been a Spiritualist, convinced of its truths without even asking test conditions of any medium anywhere. When I saw a delicate, uneducated young girl, but just in her teens, stand up before an audience of hundreds, and declare truths and themes, subjects and philosophies, in a manner far above her own ability, or that any of the assembly, or the clergy, the test, to me, was complete; and when I got letters from Dr. Franklin and others, through the hands of writing mediums far superior to the ability of the medium to produce, of which I have more than two hundred, I could not doubt; and when I get so demented as to require physical tests of the proofs of spiritual truths, I will cease investigation.

I have lived to be in my 83d year, and so far found my reason equal to any demand upon it, or so I have accepted it. You refer to Mrs. Simpson being tested to suit objectors and skeptics.

In the evening of the 4th day of last March I was in Chicago and called on Mrs. Simpson a stranger, just introduced to her. After a few moments she invited me into her circle-room, and after sitting a moment she took from the window-sill a half-pint bottle, corked closely, about two-thirds full of water. She asked me to look at it. There was nothing but water in it. She then sat it upon a slate and with her hand held the slate just under the table, bringing the cork hard up to the board of the table. She asked me to hold my hand under hers, which I did. In a few moments she wished me to withdraw my hand, and then she took back the slate and in the bottle was a beautiful, white and fragrant pink, which I took out and brought it to Vermont with me, and I have it now. This was a test uncalled for and without conditions.

I am opposed to placing mediums under any test conditions; see what comes from spirits, without hampering them with conditions.

Something over eighteen hundred years ago, one of the first, and perhaps the best, mediums ever known upon earth was asked for a test, in this wise, Mat. xii 38, and answered: "Then certain of the scribes and pharisees answered, saying, 'Master, we would see a sign from thee.' But he answered and said unto them, 'An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonah.'" Thus virtually saying to them, "If you can believe that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly and came out bright and smart, I think you can afford to believe whatever I may inculcate."

And now, in expressing my thanks to you, my friend Cook, I also desire to thank Thomas R. Hazzard for his unwavering opposition to testing mediums and for his defence of their rights. And also the *Banner of Light* for its uniform care of and defence of mediums and their rights.

It would have been more appropriate, friend Cook, to have sent this letter to the *Banner* for publication than to MIND AND MATTER, but I have two communications at that office unpublished. Your friend,

THOMAS RICHMOND.

Woodstock, Vt., Aug. 4, 1879.

Spirit Communications.

Under this head each number of MIND AND MATTER will contain three or more communications from spirits, such as may be of general interest, and at the same time be calculated to demonstrate the psychological power and influence of disembodied human intelligence over the physical organism of those sensitive persons known as Spiritual mediums. In choosing matter for this purpose, we will give nothing but that which we personally know, or have every reason to believe, is from communicating spirits. The question of identification of the spirits communicating, we will in no case attempt to determine, as that is a matter that would require faculties of perception which we do not pretend to possess. [Editor.]

Communications received through the mediumship of Alfred James, Aug 12, M. S., 32, and taken down by the editor of MIND AND MATTER.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR: I left the mortal life under circumstances over which I had no control. I unfortunately ceased to be popular, because I gave vent to my honest opinions. After debating with several materialists, and conversing with many Spiritualists, I became convinced that my religious views were incorrect. Before the time that this occurred I was popular, and was respected and admired as an able preacher of the word. I was honest and conscientious in my Christian belief, but when I came to find it was an error, or a mass of errors, more properly speaking, and so admitted, I was neglected, persecuted, and driven to despair, by those so-called Christian humanitarians. Having a wife and children, and being unable to procure for them such comforts as they had been used to, this so preyed upon my mind that I became somewhat insane, and turned my hand against my own life. But in the after life I have once more regained the equilibrium of my intellect, and find I shall not suffer as much retributive justice for my wrong act as will my enemies, who will be scourged with a terrible retribution in the spirit life. I have said all I wish to say to-day. My name is,

REV. JOHN MARPLES,
Toronto, Canada West.

GOOD AFTERNOON:—This is certainly an original way, or rather, I should say, a queer way, of conversing with a man. In the first place, I converse with you and you see me not. In the second place, I am here in all the reality that you are in. This is the result of spirit emanations thrown upon mortals from time immemorial up to the present day. They have been preparing the way for spirits to open the eyes of mortal man. Although in this mortal life I was interested in politics deeply, I must confess that as a spirit my desires have all turned into a different channel, and I am thoroughly and wholly occupied, as a spirit, with other higher intelligences than myself, in examining deeper and deeper into the intricacies of the spirit life. To be plain, I have lost my earthly attractions, and care little for them, except when I can do a good action or confer a benefit on a fellow-being. The higher the aspirations of the spirit for infinite food the greater will be its supply.

My friends here on the earth are quite comfortably situated, and I doubt whether they will be willing to receive this as coming from me in this way; but, nevertheless, I felt it was my duty to do it, and I was bound to fulfil that duty.

My name was;

GEORGE GOLDTHWAITE,
Montgomery, Ala.,
Late U. S. Senator.

AFTERNOON TO YER HONOR:—Faith, and this is a strange way, but I've got a word to say, and moind ye needn't put this down now. I've been thrying to get here for more nor four weeks, but the praists have headed ov me off. But don't tell the b'ys this, or they'll not belave it's meself.

I went off in a hurry to the spirit-world, and bein' a strong, able kind of a fellow, I wasn't long in coming to, and as I hated to be confined to one place when I was here, and, in fact, liked to go round a good dale, I've been after looking round pretty much. Tell the b'ys it is pretty much over here as it is over there, only you don't have so much throuble about your grub and clothes as you have here. I am around the old place frequently, and I have lots of fun watching the tricks of these fellows, and devil a one of them knows I am there. You'll just be after crowding in my name. There are others waiting to come in, and I'm too much of a gintleman to keep them back.

JAMES CUREY,
Stockton, California.

[Wild-cat, the guide, said this man had been blown up while looking at some kind of machinery.]

I have great difficulty in speaking. I am very weak. I come here to send a word to my relatives and friends. I was old and had lived my full allotment of time, and was ready and willing to go, only there were mistakes here which I have taken over with me, which cause me great difficulty and which keep me in gloomy and somewhat unhappy surroundings. I have leaned too much on another's merits, and I find that of no use. Each and every one of you must strive to secure happiness hereafter by your own merits. Nobody else's can make you happy, and I say this that my relatives and friends may be wise in time. I cannot hold the control any longer.

JANE ADAMS,
Albany, Ohio.

SIR:—When a man commits suicide there is frequently this notice "No cause can be given for the rash deed," but there is a cause, nevertheless. If there was not there would be no effect. Considering the way I was situated there was no earthly reason apparent why I should commit suicide. I was situated well financially. Then why was it that you committed suicide? is the question.

I did not do it. Strange declaration! I through certain studies unknown to others was, what you Spiritualists call, a medium, although not aware of that fact. And now for the cause. Many years back my father committed a great injustice to a certain friend of his, and this friend dying was possessed with the most bitter and malevolent feelings against my father; but be not possessing mediumistic power was never able to gratify his revenge upon him. But he did follow me and obtaining control over me forced me to commit suicide. I should never have come here to explain this only for the lesson it teaches, and that people may beware how they injure one another. And now in conclusion, all the suffering there is or has been since I went to spirit life, has been for the most part transferred to the spirit that forced me to a suicide's grave. I am comfortable and for the most part happy.

JOHN G. WALKER,
Valley Forge, Pa.

GOOD DAY:—I wish shpeak a leetle mit you. All kinds of beobles in shpirit. I vas on earth vat you call very blain man. I looks not mooch to anyting but verks for my lifen and enshoy myself at dimes ven dare vas not mooch vork. But I kess some of my olt frens vill pe glat to hear dat I am toing vell vere I am now. Its shtrange bot I gradual am leafing de vays. Ant there vas some Spiritualists vere I lift. Some dime ven they have circle I vill be dere, ant manifest to dem, ash I am bery al trong. Unt so it ish. Good pye, dat ish all.

PETER PENTLER,
White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR:—I had seen some spiritual manifestations in my earth life. I was not much attracted towards Spiritualism, yet, in my spirit life, I am compelled to use this same method of communicating or remain forever silent as a spirit. There is a novelty in this way of crossing the bridge called death that is certainly wonderful to me, however it may be to mortals.

To those who were near and dear to me, whether they believe it or not, I still have the satisfaction in spirit of knowing that I made the effort. Although using another man's organism and brain, my communication must necessarily be imperfect, yet I am happy to call here to-day to testify to the truth of a spirit life and let my relatives and friends know that I can come and will come until they are perfectly satisfied that it is I that speaks to them. Thank you.

You will sign me,

HORACE C. CARR,
Bowdoin, Maine.

The Opening Services at Lake Pleasant.

We are indebted to our brethren of the *Banner of Light* for the advance sheets of the report of their special correspondent of the opening services at the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting of the Spiritualists of Western Massachusetts, from which we glean the following items of news:

Saturday evening, the 9th inst., while a portion of the campers and their friends enjoyed the opportunity of indulging in a "sociable" at the Pavilion, others improvised a conference, which was held in the hall over the dining-room. This was well attended and proved to be very profitable. It was presided over by President Beals, and pertinent remarks were made by the chairman, Sidney Howe, Giles B. Stebbins, Dr. Fairfield, Mrs. Pollard and others, the leading topic being Harmony.

Saturday trains brought to the grounds, among many others, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, Mr. George A. Bacon, Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, Mrs. Mary A. Adams, Mr. W. J. Colville and other well known public workers.

A hasty stroll over the camp revealed a small army of professional mediums, ready to respond to any call from the public. Among others the following names were noted: Mrs. S. A. Smith, Prof. A. H. Huse, Mrs. Shirley, Lizzie Davenport Blandy, Henry B. Allen, W. L. Jack, M. D., Mrs. J. J. Clark, Mrs. H. N. Reed, Miss M. A. Holway, Mrs. S. B. Kimball, Dr. and Mrs. George Dillingham, Mrs. M. L. Jewett, M. D., Mrs. Dr. A. Raitham, Nellie B. Lochlan, Miss Knox, Mrs. Boswick, Dr. Drake, Mrs. Dr. Stansbury, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Weeks, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. J. A. Wright, Mrs. H. A. Pollard, Wm. A. Towne, Mrs. Nellie Nelson, Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Hatch, flower mediums, Mrs. M. J. Burns, E. B. Fish, Dr. W. F. Whitman, L. M. Marston, M. D., Prof. J. Fairbanks, Drs. Stone and Bond, Dr. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and doubtless many others whose names escaped notice.

Sunday, August 10th, the formal exercises began. The weather was all that could be desired. The Fitchburg trains brought large additions, and many others came in private conveyances. Twenty-five hundred persons undoubtedly were present at this first meeting. Services at the speakers' stand were preceded by a concert from the band, which filled the grand encampment with a delicious sense of heavenly harmony.

President Beals called the assembly to order at 10.30 A. M., and in a few appropriate remarks welcomed those present, congratulating everybody upon the favorable circumstances under which they met. A letter was read from J. M. Roberts, Esq., editor of MIND AND MATTER, regretting his inability to attend, but wishing the association every possible success. After a song by the choir, Mr. W. J. Colville was introduced as the regular lecturer for the forenoon. After an impressive invocation and another song from the choir, "The Stream of Life," the speaker again rose and commenced his discourse, the subject of which was, "Is Spiritualism destined to become the Religion of the Future?"

The subject was treated in a most able and satisfactory manner, and the large congregation showed their high appreciation of the address by their close attention. At the conclusion of the address, "Winoona" improvised a poem on seven subjects furnished by the audience.

As in the forenoon, so in the afternoon, previous to regular services, the Band discoursed most eloquent music, a fitting prelude to the mental music which followed. The President announced Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as the lecturer for the afternoon. After singing by the choir and a soulful prayer, Mrs. Richmond proceeded with an impromptu discourse, specially adapted to the occasion, and which, from its opening sentence, "To your tents, oh Israel," to its concluding word, held the undivided attention of that large congregation as by a magic spell.

At the close of the address, four different subjects for an improvised poem were submitted by the audience, viz: "The Temple of Nature," "Reincarnation," "Truth," "Does my Mother Live?" These were immediately taken up in the order named, and each received meritorious treatment. The unanimous verdict was that of a day of unusual satisfaction even at this camp-meeting, where mental power and spiritual thought are wont to be manifested to an exceptional degree.

A conference was held Sunday evening, presided over by Giles B. Stebbins, and which was participated in by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Messrs. Dickinson, Cook, Ramson, the chairman, and several ladies whose names we did not distinctly hear. The leading thought took the form of an intelligent and fraternal discussion of the Sunday question, as related to the action of Gov. Talbot in stopping the running of Sunday trains on the Troy & Greenfield roads, which belong to the State.

There was also held on Sunday evening a private meeting of a deeply interesting character, at the cottage of Father Lyman, where were convened a number of mediums and friends, who were richly treated with a flow of bright and wise utterances from Ouina and Winoona, through the entranced mediumship of Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Colville, the services concluding with several poems of a personal character.

A regular meeting of the Association was held on Monday, August 11th, for the election of officers and the transaction of any other necessary business. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Colville answered satisfactorily the questions propounded by a large audience. In the evening "Winoona," his poetic control, and "Ouina," the sprightly improvisitor whose beautiful versifications through the organism of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond are so widely known, held a joint reception at the cottage of Mrs. Lyman, where a select company of friends, among them several representative Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, gathered to listen to the words of inspiration whose utterance was assured by the presence of these grand media. During the progress of the evening some forty-eight personal poems illustrative of symbolic names were given by "Winoona" and "Ouina," each spirit alternating in the work until all present had been referred to. At the close the audience gave the subject for a poem which was delivered in alternate stanzas by the two controls without the slightest hiatus in manner or matter. All present were filled with satisfaction at what was presented, and carried with them from the cottage the most pleasant memories of the occasion.

The speakers announced for Sunday next, Aug. 17, are Ed. S. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, and the veteran test medium, E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ills.

Parties contemplating a visit to this pleasant spot are informed that reduced rates of fare can be secured on all railroads connecting with the Fitchburg, Mass., line. Excursion tickets from New York City and return, via Troy, can be purchased for $4.50, via New York and Troy Citizens' line of steamers, "Saratoga" and "City of Troy," which leave New York City at 6 P. M., Pier No. 40, foot of Le Roy street, arriving in Troy at 6 A. M.; leave Troy at 7:40 A. M., by Troy and Boston Railroad (Hoosac Tunnel Route), arriving at Lake Pleasant at 11 A. M. Trains leave Troy at 7:40 A. M. and 2:45 P. M. Trains will leave Hartford, Conn., for the Lake, via the Connecticut Central Railroad to Springfield, thence by the same railroad, for half fare; time, from Hartford at 10:12 A. M., and from Springfield at 12:55 P. M. Trains leave Boston for the Lake at 6:30 and 11:15 A. M., and 3 and 6 P. M.

Notes on the Contents of Mind and Matter.

MR. EDITOR: I have just received and read MIND AND MATTER No. 36. As your columns are open to free discussion upon all subjects, please allow me space wherein to present the impressions I receive from the sentiments of its numerous contributors.

In your experiences with the spirit enemies of Spiritualism, and also your experiences with its earthly friends as I glean them from your editorials, I can but see the disadvantages under which you labor in deciding and defining what are fundamental principals in the spiritualistic religion, and what they teach, as well as in judging and defending the mediums through whose organisms these principles are transmitted to humans in earth-life from those who have passed on to spirit-life.

Just as your paper, in accordance with your ideas of equity, is the medium through which its contributors express their different ideas, so persons whose mental and physical, or positive and negative, powers are in comparative equilibrium, are mediums through which those who have passed to a more mature world, or more positive state, express *their* different ideas.

The mental perspective of spirit teachers differs in range, in accordance with their respective axes of thought, the same as does that of those through whom, and to whom, they communicate. Hence their perceptions differ correspondingly.

Your love of justice—your predominant trait—is ever positively active and uncompromising; ever ready to battle against the enemies of the equal rights of all. You perceive instinctively that justice to such enemies cannot be expressed in honied words. Moral heroism is as necessary to bring about human harmony as are tornadoes and earthquakes in restoring equilibrium between the counter forces of physical nature, when disarranged. Heroes are what our age especially needs. We have had enough of reaching out for higher truths with one hand and holding on to the skirts of old theology with the other. And yet I commend your leniency toward the various side issues, especially Christian Spiritualism, which is rather a *back* issue, for it is readily calculable what the end must be.

Can the fundamental dogmas of the Christian creed, the vicarious atonement, the Trinity, the necessity of endless praise, of a vengeful, jealous, and flattery-loving God, as the sole means of escaping eternal tortures; be incorporated into Spiritualism, a philosophic religion based upon a belief in man's ability to work out his own salvation, to create within himself the heaven he desires, and to become a god unto himself superior to revenge, or jealousy, or the love of praise?

It is a well-known fact that the acceptance of these dogmas has been forced upon the masses by fire and sword and every other mode of torture conceivable by the agents of church and state. And it is fear, not philosophy, that sustains their acceptance; the more intelligent being fearful of present wrath, rather than of wrath in the hereafter.

The Christian religion has nothing in common with the spiritual manifestations through the mediumship of Jesus of Nazareth, eighteen centuries ago, any more than it has with those through mediums of the present age. In worshipping the man, its members lose sight of the spiritual, which now, as then, is continually crucified by moral cowards and aspirants for leadership.

I was especially interested in the article, "Are Mind and Matter the Same?" By J. Tinney. Though not a column's length, yet it is worth the price of a year's subscription. I assure the brother that there is at least one other mind that shares his belief, that spirit and matter are but different conditions of the same substance, and interchangeable, progressively.

Hypatia, the great mathematician of Alexandria, taught the same doctrine. "The exact sciences formed the basis of all her instructions, and she applied their demonstrations to the principles of the speculative sciences." It is assumed that she was the first to introduce this rigorous method into the teaching of philosophy. She dared to be an electic even in the fifth century. But she suffered the penalty of not accepting the Christian dogmas. "She was forced from her chariot on the way to her school, dragged into a Christian church, where, stripped of her vestments, she was cruelly murdered by a mob of Christian monks. Her body was then torn to pieces, and the palpitating members dragged through the streets, and finally consigned to the flames."

It is impossible for those who perceive the necessity of the omnipresence and endless co-operation of quantative equivalents of the essence of life and thought in virtue of its continuous interchangeability of conditions, which is *per se* life, to accept dogmas based upon *local* revelations; or to attribute what is done by the forms of life it becomes to any other agency than these *essential activities*.

All the so-called aids of humanity, whether ascribed to a personal God or to ministering spirits, and transmitted as physical and mental food, are simply the reception of essences intrinsically vital, and which are not aids until they become incorporated as a part of the organism of each. Were Mrs. Denton torn in pieces and cremated, the idea that what is done by these organisms is done by the substance that constitutes them, by themselves, including their formation, would by no means become annihilated.

The idea does not militate against communication between spirits and mortals. It is simply a recognition of their equal individuality. Thoughts or metaphysical sensations being the modes of motion by the essential substance transmitted from one sentient organism to another, their re-expression through the recipient organism, although simply reflections of the same modes of motion, yet they are inevitably re-modified by its peculiar conformation, the same as the re-expression of sensations received through the physical senses.

What a sermon in the message of Bayard Taylor! I propose its discussion at your conference. Persons willing "to throw themselves open to the inspiration and divine influx from the spirit-world," never oppose or 'outgrow' phenomenal evidences. It was not until the spiritual phenomena in Jesus' time, which were assumed to be evidence of his divinity, were killed out and recognized as no longer necessary by the subtle leaders in church and state, that they attained the exclusive right to define and execute the will of the ruling powers of the spirit-world. Are their powers to be again hushed—not allowed to speak and act for themselves? What the masses most desire is to see and hear from spirits direct, and to read accounts of their manifestations.

There are several other choice contributions, but space and time forbid further itemizing.

J. F.

Spiritual Camp Meeting in Western New York.

The annual camp meeting at Lilly Dale, Cassadaga Lake, on the Dunkirk and Allegany Valley Railroad, ten miles south from Dunkirk, N. Y., commences its work, Thursday, August 14 and closes August 31, 1879. Excursion rates on all passenger trains on the D. & A. V. R. R. are promised. Nearly all passenger trains will stop at Lilly Dale, just opposite the camp grounds. When trains are late they do not agree to stop there, but all trains stop at Cassadaga, one mile from the meeting. Pleasure boats are constantly running on the beautiful lake and the scenery is charming. Several excellent mediums for tests and various phases of Spiritual phenomena, are engaged. Music and innocent and beautiful recreation will form an essential part of the exercises. The speakers engaged are Geo. W. Taylor, of Lawton Station, Erie county, N. Y., who will preside at the meetings during the term. This is an important fact, as the thousands who know him in that capacity will testify. Judge McCormic, of Franklin, Pa.; Hon. O. H. P. Kinney, of Waverly, N. Y., editor of the Waverly *Advocate*; Mrs. Amelia Colby St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. John Greenhow, editor of the *Hornellsville Tribune*, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa.; Miss Jenny Rhind, test and symbolic medium and Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y., besides volunteer speaking. Markham's Quadrille Band are engaged for Saturdays and Sundays.

The order of exercises will be announced in advance. Passengers on the Lake Shore and Erie Railroads change to the D. & A. V. R. R. at Dunkirk; on the Philadelphia and Erie, at Warren, Pa.; on the Atlantic and Great Western change at D. & A. V. Junction, four miles east of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the D. & A. V. R. R. to Lilly Dale, one mile north of Cassadaga, where a good time awaits you.

KIND WORDS.

N. Bedortha, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "I am yours for truth and fair play."

Wm. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Seneca county, Ohio, renewing subscription, writes: "Consider me a life subscriber."

Mrs. Dr. J. W. Stansbury, writing from the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, says: "I shall take pleasure in extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, as it is ably filling a hitherto unoccupied position in the field of spiritual literature. * * * I keep MIND AND MATTER on my table in public view of all visitors."

Major Carpenter, Delphi, N. Y., writes: "Enclosed please find $1.09, etc. I find your paper a very good one to send to my skeptical friends, to give them a chance to investigate. I hope you will keep it well freighted with exhortations to good works, and that you will continue a persistent course against evil, especially intemperance, one of the greatest evils in the land."

Walter T. Forbes, Marietta, Georgia, forwarding two new subscribers, writes: "I consider your paper a valuable auxiliary in the spiritual field of labor, and shall endeavor to advance its interests all in my power. Continue in your noble calling, protect all mediums, and turn a deaf ear to the enemies of Spiritualism. Battle for the right. I will work for your paper without ceasing. These two subscribers want their subscription to commence with the number containing the article, by J. M. Roberts, "Exonerating the Blisses."

F. D. Donakin, Cecil, O., writes: "I have been a subscriber for your valuable paper—MIND AND MATTER—ever since last February, through your agent, R. N. Wilcox, and I like it very much and hope it will live long to carry out the great work it has begun in the protection of honest mediums.

Mrs. M. J. Phillips, M. D., Bordentown, N. J., writes: "I do not wish to lose a single number of MIND AND MATTER. I believe the angel world has selected you as the defender of their mediums and true Spiritualism from the crafty Jesuits who are trying to destroy everything spiritual they cannot control. I think it is the duty of every Spiritualist to subscribe for your paper and support you in this glorious work. May you remain long in our midst until your work is fully accomplished is my prayer."

"James A. Bliss, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.; Dear Friend and Brother:—I am in receipt of twenty-five copies of your valuable paper. I shall distribute them carefully, placing them where I hope they will do good. I hope to send in a few days another subscription. I have read with pleasure the articles by that noble soul, Mr. Roberts, in regard to the vindication of yourself and good lady. I only wish I could send you a thousand subscribers instead of the few; but then, if every subscriber will obtain one or two more, we can soon place your paper upon good, sound footing. I appreciate your grand work; good and honorable mediums must be protected; and those who have fallen by the wayside, we must reclaim them. I would that I had a thousand intelligible tongues to proclaim to my people all the grand and beautiful truths of God's divine laws, as has been revealed to my senses. I hope some day to be able to show my gratitude to my spirit friends for the many blessings they have so bountifully given to me. Yours for the truth.

W. T. FORBES."

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

JAMES A. BLISS—Developing Circle has adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in September.

DR. C. BONN—Developing Circle has adjourned to meet the first Monday in September.

MRS. C. B. BLISS—until further notice, will give Materializing Seances in the vicinity of the Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp Meeting.

MRS. KATIE B. ROBINSON, the well-known Trance-test Medium, has returned to Philadelphia, Pa., and will give sittings daily to investigators, at No. 2123 Brandywine street.

MRS. E. B. FRITZ—Clairvoyant Physician, 613 Montgomery Ave. She treats diseases of the worst form without the aid of medicine. Diagnosis of disease on Saturdays, free of charge.

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Mrs. F. S. POWELL—Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Medium—No. 230½ North Ninth street. Public Test Circles on Monday and Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Office hours from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. SARAH A. ANTHONY—Test Medium—No. 220 North Ninth st. Circles on Monday and Thursday evenings. Private sittings daily.

MR. AND MRS. T. AMBROSIA—1020 Shackamaxon street, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums. Circles, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Sittings daily. Friday evening circle at 2320 Frankford road.

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FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan—At the Northeast corner Eighth and Buttonwood streets, Sunday. [illegible] test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

TEST CIRCLE at the Northeast corner of Ninth and Spring Garden streets, Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m. [illegible] Anthony, Medium.

THOMPSON STREET CHURCH Spiritual Society.—At Thompson street, below Front. Free conference every Sunday afternoon, and Circle in the evening.

LYRIC HALL SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—At No. 259 North Ninth street. Free conference every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

FIRST INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION OF Spiritualists. Developing circle Monday evenings at No. 60 N. Eleventh street.

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SPIRITUALISTS CAMP MEETING,

The New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, will hold their Sixth Annual Camp Meeting at LAKE PLEASANT, Montague, Mass., from August 6th to September 3d, 1879.

Circulars of information sent on application.

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The Spiritualist and Liberalist Association of Maine will hold their Annual Camp-meeting in BOSWELL'S GROVE, IN ETNA, MAINE, commencing on Wednesday, September 3d, 1879, and continue over Sunday. The Grove is on the Maine Central Railroad, 14 miles from Bangor.

Arrangements are being made with the railroads to carry at reduced prices.

Trains can be procured by applying to D. Boswell, Etna, Maine. Also, first-class entertainment at reasonable prices.

All are cordially invited.

G. D. DEMERITT, Secretary.

Dexter, Me., July 16th, 1879.

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With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint like,
Looking downward from the skies."

"There is no death, what seems so is Transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

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RETROSPECTION.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

For Mind and Matter.

My thoughts turn back through the vista of years,
To the fresh early morn of my life,
Ere sorrow and sin had filled it with tears,
Or love had been buried in strife

O! the young days that come nevermore;
O! the hopes that lie dead in the past;
'Tis in vain that I turn my life-pages o'er,
Or ask if forever its sorrows will last.

Will all of its days be full of despair?
Will its shadows rest ever and aye?
Will my soul be freed from grieving and care?
And night's darkness be followed by day?

O! the long years that forever have fled;
O! the faith that was strong in the past;
O! hopes that forever lie buried, and dead!
Will fruition e'en meet me at last?

Why useless my life? Why wasted its hours
With longings that never find rest?
Will my eyes ever gaze on Eden's fair bowers?
And my pilgrimage end with the blest?

God lovingly grant the incoming years
Be full of good deeds to my race,
My mission—to dry grief's sorrowing tears,
While planting hope's light in their place.

And then at the end, when life's journey is o'er,
And my spirit finds wings for its flight,
O! angels of love be thou at the door
That leads from earth's darkness to light

Philadelphia, August, 1879.

Experiences and Views of Rev. F. J. Briggs.

For Mind and Matter.

MR. EDITOR:—I have now reached the most important part of our subject. That is, "the philosophy of the mental phenomena of these manifestations."

This has occasioned the severest perplexities, doubts and misgivings, and, in its workings, is the most abstruse of all. I do not hope to do it justice. But the effort may do some good, and, perhaps, induce some one better endowed, a scholar, a psychologist, to give the elucidations that the needs of mankind call for.

The spirit can use its simulacher for the purposes we have mentioned, and many that we have passed over not to be tedious, with tolerable success. But it is nothing beyond that. They have not yet attained a conquest and a triumph, yet they have achieved much more than is appreciated by the masses of all classes. They have done it in the face of ignorance, prejudices, opposition and treacheries, surrounded with discouragements, and meeting (as was inevitable) with failures. It has cost them severe trials and unflinching efforts—yet the world snarls at it—fights it.

All along I have assumed what has been made apparent at every step, that back of all these manifestations there must be mind, intelligence.

But that intelligence being in the spiritual realm cannot reach through the physical to us, in our physical bodies, without a live and acting physical brain. To manufacture a simulacher of the brain, as of the body, or hands, or face, would not serve the purpose. It must have the entire real brain. To draw away a part of the elements or forces of the medium's brain into the simulacher would utterly disqualify the remaining part for Minnie's use, and could not constitute the other portion a living brain for the spirit's use. A person can limp along with a cork leg, look human and smell through an artificial nose, but he cannot think with a cork brain, nor convey and receive ideas through any artificial one. The medium's brain must be left intact to be of any service in the manifestations, yea, for the manifestations to be given, just as much as the trance medium's for the use of a spirit that is not materialized, say Mrs. Richmond's for an illustration.

This being the central fact, the spirit, to manifest, has to form a rapport or means with the medium's physical brain, just as much as our spirits must have one with our physical brains. And, for this to be done, the control has to hold the medium in that condition that the medium's own spirit will not interfere with its own brain. And, for the time being, the brain is given up to the use of the manifesting spirit. This is the key by which we have got to unlock all the mysterious chambers of intellectual manifestations, just as much as the rapport, described in a former letter, is the key to the rationale of the varied physical manifestations. A logical use of these keys will systematically explain the whole. Who will take them and do it?

Spurning these, an opponent of Spiritualism, though he may be an intellectual giant, makes himself but a blind Polyphemus. This name, given to the old, fabled, famous, classical giant, means "one who speaks much, celebrated, famous, clamorous, noisy," yet he was blind; and, to all who noticed his antics, he was beating the air—that was all, and could not ward off the missiles that pelted him. So with our modern Polyphemuses—they are only "air king attitudes."

I, in one of my visits, held a conversation with father to ascertain the status of the spirit while in its simulacher. I had met with so many puzzles and perplexities that I felt in a sort of a maze not at all suited to my temperament or habits of mind.

Here, I trust, I may be allowed to say without occasioning invidious remarks, that father, in earth life, was a man of good judgment and strong, investigating mind. As phrenologists would say, he had large Causality and Comparison with good Perceptive faculties. He has been on the other side sixteen years, lacking only a few months, and has been an observer and investigator there. He gave his ideas in plain words, accompanied with illustrations, and strove to make his points clear. To him I go, whenever I can, for information on points of spiritual philosophy beyond my ken. I commenced:

"Now, father, I want, for sake of the information, to talk with you about your mental condition while you are in the materialized form. I will ask you first, 'Does my mind influence yours?'"

"No, not in the least. You have no control whatever over my mind now, any more than you had when I was in my physical body. You do not influence my mind at all. My thoughts are perfectly free from any influence in that direction."

His reservation in that last sentence, struck me forcibly that there might be an influence in some other direction, and I remarked:

"I understand that my mind does not influence your answers." When he added, "You need not have any fears of that whatever; my answers do not come from your mind."

I replied, "I am glad to know that. And now I want to ask you, if your mind is free, have you the full control of your thoughts, and do they flow clear and free as they do when you are back in the spirit state and not connected with the physical?" I [illegible] weigh well his answer: "O, no; my mind is not at all clear; my thoughts are a good deal clouded. I do not feel at home and free, and my thoughts do not flow naturally. I feel very much restrained and repressed." Then, looking me full in the face, he continued: "Josephus, the fact is as I am now, my thoughts have to come through the brain of the medium—and that is not adapted to me. It is her brain and suits her, but it does not suit me. I am not finding fault with her; that would not be right. I do not complain of her. She is a good woman and a good medium. She is not developed yet as much as she can be. She will yet be developed a great deal better, if nothing prevents. She has a good intellect. But her brain suits her intellect and does not suit mine in many respects, as I would be glad to have it. You can do the best with your own brain. You can't find any other that would suit you so well. Every person's brain suits him the best, because it is his brain. There may be others superior in some respects, but they would not fit him in other respects; and, on the whole, he can do the best with his own."

It would take up too much space to quote our conversation further, and I will only state that he informed me that I could not get anything very intellectual through a medium that had not much intellect, because they had not the brain for spirits to give it through, and I should never expect it. It would not be the fault of the spirits, but owing to the brain they had to use.

There is so much philosophy contained or brought out in those few plain explanatory points—bearing on so many practical points in investigations of Spiritualism, and that throw light upon the path in which there has been so much groping and obscurity, that I hardly know which subject I ought to take up first, or in what order they should be arranged.

1st. I will call attention to a physiological and pathological topic. This fact, that the brain of the medium is left intact in materializing seances and is under the care of the control for the use of the manifesting spirit, it is this fact that has saved the lives of mediums through those breaking of conditions, and rough, rowdy proceedings, by which seances have been broken up, and which have always been followed by the medium's prostration. Were the forces taken out of the brain, as they are out of other parts of the system, to build up the simulacher, there would be no fort not dismantled to hold and defend the magazine of life. Those assaults that have been carried by means of the rapport, through other parts of the organism, would have ravaged the brain also, and the system could not have rallied from the shock and devastation. Most of our good materializing mediums have received shocks severe enough to have killed them more than once were it not for this one stronghold. As it is, the fort is in all its strength, and those "kukluxes" only carry the outworks. They have not been able to reach the citadel of life, only by irreparably deranging other functions of the system. In this way some excellent mediums have been put to a lingering death. Mrs. Teed was one of those. In conversing with her on the cause of her death she said, "it was the mistreatment she received that killed her," etc., and "it was nothing else." This is a matter that should be more closely looked to than it has been, and elucidated thoroughly by some one qualified to do it.

2d. As in all trance and inspirational communications, whether from a spirit in its simulacher or not, they depend upon the capability and capacity of the medium's brain and its adaptedness to the cast of mind and ability of the spirit using it, for a full and free flow of his thoughts; it follows that those criticisms showing the inferiority of the message as compared with the reputed author's ability while on earth, in order to show that it is not his, or, if it is his, that he has become demented, are all wide of the mark. For the purpose intended they are not worth the paper they were written on. In the one case he used his own brains; in the other, another person's brain not adapted near as well to his intellect. The criticism may show the real worth of the message as it reaches us; but they do not disprove the author. In fact he may have become far superior to what he was on earth, and yet, for the want of a suitable physical brain, fall below his earthly efforts. I used to think they were worth considerable and pretty keen. And now I know that they, standing alone, are worth just as much as they ever were—nothing. The identity of the author must be decided by the aid of other criteria. In these cases it is similar to sending a message by a boy whose lesser intellect cannot do it the justice the author would. The way he does his errand is not a criterion of the sender's capacity. It will fall below it.

3d. The clearness and quickness of intellect or memory that the manifesting spirit may be able to show, depend upon the then condition of the medium's brain. We know that our own brains do not serve us equally well at all times. Sometimes our thoughts flow clear and rapid, new ideas evolve, old ones are expanded and seen more definitely in their varied relations, and we work our brain without much effort or fatigue. At other times it is sluggish to a greater or less degree. It works slow, hard and perhaps not without strenuous effort, and then we cannot make it do its work well. We cannot bring the latent ideas out with clearness and precision. They are expressed awkwardly, confusedly, insipidly, incorrectly, with our best efforts. Particularly is this so in derangements of the system's action, and when we are burdened with anxieties, or harrassed with perplexities and apprehensions.

If we can succeed no better with our own brain under adverse circumstances, what reason have we to expect a spirit manifesting can succeed as well with a borrowed brain amid untoward conditions? Yet we are as severely exacting at all times, and take too little pains to have the mediums surrounded with pleasant and encouraging conditions. In fact, many try to surround them with embarrassments, fault-finding, and "strict test conditions," before the seances and then demand that the manifestations shall come all the same!

I once knew a man so anxious to whip another, that he offered to do it under "strict test conditions." Those were, that he would allow him to choose a committee, and they should tie one of his hands behind him so he could not get it loose, and see that no one interfered during the fight, and then he would thrash him. So the medium is required to be first crippled in relation to the exercise of the powers of mediumship, and then is called upon to convince the whole crowd with overpowering manifestations. The spirits must accomplish just as much in the face of opposition as with co-operation, and without the means as with them. This is wrong.

4th. All other conditions being right, the success of the intellectual effort depends upon the ability of the spirit to use the medium's brain. This is gradually improved by repeated practice on the part of the spirits manifesting. But all have not the same tact and ability in this respect, and do not succeed as well. And it is not to be expected. Some mediums' brains are better adapted for the use of some spirits than others. But these facts do not seem to have had proper consideration.

Let me give examples, for they present the points more clearly and they appear more like the living qualities they are.

In one of my conversations with father, last October, I brought up the subject of mediumship, during which he spoke very highly of Laura. He said she was a good girl, and a good medium, and honest, and that he esteemed her very much, and that she would be a great deal better developed. Yet he utterly declined to manifest there, giving as his reasons, that her brain and the conditions were not suited to him. But he added: "There are others that can do better there, and prefer to go there; but I can do the best here."

During this same visit, a young lady said, while manifesting at Laura's: "I prefer to come here. I am used to these conditions, it comes more natural, and I think I can do the best here." Since then she has accustomed herself to manifesting at Mrs. Stewart's also, and she appears as clear in her mind and as much at home in one place as the other. This was the lady that accepted the boquet for Bro. Peebles at Mrs. Stewart's.

The first time that Bro. Harvey materialized at Laura's, I observed that he appeared as if somewhat in a maze, and I said: "Harvey, are you materialized strong, and is your mind clear?" "No, I am not at all clear. I do not seem like myself. This is the first time I have come here, and somehow I feel very much mixed up and confused. I cannot get my thoughts. I am afraid I shall not be able to do much this time." He could not succeed, and gave it up, remarking, "I think I can do better another time." Since that he has done better repeatedly. It was there that he gave one of the best tests from memory (mentioned before) that any mortal ever did or could receive from a returning spirit friend. He went back over a period of fifty-years and corrected a mistake in my then recollection!

Now suppose, at that first visit at Laura's, I had set at him for a test, as most new investigators generally do, and many older ones too, it would have been impossible for him to have given it. Ought I then to have been dissatisfied and complained because he did not give it? This brings me to the—

5th. The ability of spirits to remember while manifesting through their simulacher.

When anything is done or comes to pass, the truth that that fact was can never cease to be. It was, and that fact has become an everlasting verity. That fact has become woven inseparably with other facts that have transpired in the universe. It is one of them and one with them, be it deemed great or small. An omniscient mind could never loose it. And a mind of sufficient penetration to trace the concatenation of effects to their causes could find it. In short, it has become a part of the workings and of the enduring history of the universe, a paragraph that can never be cut out of the great book sooner than any other.

Man has named himself individually a microcosm, that is, a little world. As such he can do nothing, and nothing can be done that affects him, but that it must become directly connected with his mind, his internal spirit consciousness, or be a link in some chain that does connect with that. This inner consciousness must have nexus or rapport with it. If it did not, it would not pertain to him at all. It would be, and could be, nothing of his.

This nexus may be of a nature to belong to and adhere more especially to the physical. In that case it reaches, or is in a condition to reach, the internal consciousness through the senses. Or it may pertain to the internal, the spiritual. Then it acts, or is ready to act, through the sensations, outward into the physical and on the external. When it reaches the internal it becomes deposited, so to speak, not as a substance to occupy space, but as a truth, in the sensorium, "the knowledge box," the mental "tool-chest." Is it readily accessible for our use? That depends on circumstances. One may have to hunt a long time for it before he finds it; he may rediscover it unwittingly while rummaging for something else; or he may not find it at the time, and say it has been lost out, or was never put in. Nevertheless it is there; and there it will always be. And whenever the rapport is met, and the clue followed, it is found.

But for the intellect to bring it out to us in the physical from the spiritual, it has to have an instrument that can serve it. This is the brain—a very fine-coarse instrument. It has to be fine in part for the spirit to reach it and use it at all. In part it has to be course, to work in the physical. If the brain at the time is apathetic, congested in a degree; if its machinery is not in good running order; if it is weary; if it has been geared for another purpose; if it is weak,—then the ideas may not be brought through to us at all, or but very imperfectly, confusedly, obscurely or in a distorted condition. Add to this, our adverse wills and prejudices (let the ideas come ever so correctly) may drive at them, the moment they begin to penetrate our brains, to kick them out, to distort and caricature them, to torture them into awful or silly features.

In the light of the preceding truths, let us consider the embarrassments under which our spirit friends labor, when they have to borrow a brain to manifest, if they can find one that they can use at all, and take it such as it is, without its being adapted to their intellect, as their own brains were, and over which they have not as well a regulated control.

"You do not know the difficulties under which we labor," said Mrs. Teed, in an independently written message. And every year, every month, I realize more and more the impressiveness of that truth. The wonder is, that they have accomplished so much, not that they do not do more.

Being anxious to form more definite and sharper ideas as to how the status of the spirit, while manifesting, affected the ability to remember and bring the subjects to us, I brought the matter up to Bro. Harvey in a way that I thought would lead to a clear and comprehensive explanation. His answer was: "Sometimes, when we have it arranged all in our own minds what we want to say, after we get here, it all seems a perfect blank to us, as it were. It seems lost to us, and we do not remember hardly anything that we had prepared to say, and we go away very much disappointed. When we go back into our own condition, it all comes to us again. At other times we succeed better. But we never do as well as we want to. We never do as well as it seems we might do before we try. It looks like a very easy matter before we try; but, when we come to try, we find it very difficult." What more can be needed to enable us to appreciate their condition while they are manifesting? This applies more especially to their first efforts. George, as a control, has manifested so continually, that he said, the last time I was there, that he felt almost natural. And he uses the medium's brain with a facility and clearness that he might deliver an address, if his vocal organs were strong enough.

6th. The spirits' forgetfulness of proper names. This is a fact very apparent. It has been a good deal complained of, and sharply commented upon. How justly we will see.

What is a proper name? It is merely an outward sign to distinguish one person from others. There is nothing internal or intrinsic in it. Every person carries his name that others may identify him as the individual and not confound him with some one else. Spoken, it is but a sound; written, it is only some conventional marks to indicate that sound. It has nothing that attaches to the inner self, or, ego, any more than the hats or beads we wear. It is like a proper name, not descriptive, given to an edifice. It has nothing to do with the occupants, though they and others use it to designate the house they live in. It may be a number. When the edifice crumbles to decay, the name painted or carved upon it decays with it. It does not become attached to the occupants and follow them. They leave the name when they leave the edifice. It is so with the proper name. It is no part of the deeds, or character, or status of the spirit. And when that leaves the body and enters upon that state where we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known," i. e., as just what we are, and as we are, the spirit has no use for the name whatever, and leaves it behind with its body as much as its clothes. It is cared no more about. There the designations are descriptive of character, status, quality, condition and changes, as these are improved and changed. Mr. A., conversing with a relative, asked him: "Can you describe the place where your body was buried?" "Not so that you could find it." "Are there any marks up, so I might know it from other graves, if I should hunt for it?" "I think not. There were some sticks put up, but I do not know whether they are there or not. I presume they are gone by this time." Standing by, listening, I asked: "Have you any special attachment for that place?" "None whatever, any more than for any other spot of earth." "Well, have you for your body that was buried there?" "No; no more than for my old clothes. All such things have become things of the past with me; I have lain them all aside; they do not interest me in the least." Those questions brought out the point. To have answered Mr. A. concerning the condition of his grave, he would have had, in the first place, to have looked up a matter perfectly indifferent to him and one he had paid no attention to. If he succeeded, he would then have had to have brought the answer through the brain of the medium. So the name is laid aside, as a thing of the past, with the body and clothing, as of no more service.

When a friend is preparing to manifest, he or she, while building the simulachre, can also build one of a dress or something they have worn, especially as every substantive thing has a spiritual counterpart which the spirit can keep, if attached to it. But a name is quite another affair. It never had a substantial existence, and leaves no spiritual counterpart. To bring it, the spirit must recall it before it materializes as a past and indifferent matter to itself; and, after that, bring it through the brain of the medium. And, as it generally happens, during several of the first manifestations, its mind is very much confused and clouded, nearly a blank, is it any wonder that the name should be one of the most difficult subjects to present? It is no wonder that they are often unable to give their earth-name. Ask them questions on topics that have their root in the internal consciousness and affections of the spirit—they are a part of its being, as it were—and, unless the spirit is too weak and confused, you get answers as they best can give, either by nods and shakes of the head, raps or speech. They will give the relationship, and they will tell other things out of the inward consciousness, when they cannot give either their name or yours, because the first are internal, and the last external—foreign and indifferent to them. I might enforce this distinction by many examples, but I am writing too long.

There are other topics as important as those I have noticed; but I have done, and in a minute shall lay away my pen. I am aware I have not done the subject justice, and leave the field to some other who is qualified. If Dr. Buchanan would take it up, he would take the wind out of my sails. Besides, he would be authority, and his pieces would be copied into other papers, and thus spread among the people a knowledge that the needs of the times call for. For the good of the cause I hope he can, consistently with other duties, and will do it. Hoping what I have written may be of some utility, I bid the readers farewell.

F. J. BRIGGS.

707 West Jefferson street, Bloomington, Ills., July 27, 1879.

THOUGH there be but one world to sense, there are two to reason—the one visible and the other invisible.—*Sir. Thomas Browne.*

ALONG with the worship of God, there existed in China, from the earliest historical time, the worship of other *spiritual beings* specially, and to every individual the worship of departed ancestors.—*Rev. Dr. Legge, Chinese Classics.*

WE not only believe in the ministry of angels, but believe that its existence and advantages are demonstrable to all who candidly seek and willingly choose the [illegible] in seeking to-[illegible]. And we hail it as the hope of humanity and the dawn of its brightest day.—*Rev. J. B. Ferguson.*

On the Observance of Sunday.

EDITOR OF MIND AND MATTER.

By an item in the Boston *Herald*, of August 5th, we are informed that "the officers of Watch Hill Steamboat Company of Hartford, Connecticut, have been notified by the City Attorney, that the Sunday law will be enforced. And notice has also been given that all who patronize them on that day will be prosecuted."

Now, not being a citizen of that locality, perhaps I should not interest myself in the matter above referred to; but nevertheless, it may serve as a spur to a few remarks bearing upon the *holiness* of the day, that bigoted and dictatorial ignorance would force us to observe with reverence above any other day of the seven.

Now, Mr. Editor, to digress a little. When a big boy, I came pretty near getting converted, at least I supposed such to be the case, for I was a constant attendant at the Methodist prayer and class meetings, in the latter of which I took an active part—could sing and shout with the best of them, felt happy, and imagined I lived "Nearer my God to Thee" than I ever had before. But somehow I could never be what was termed "pious," long-faced, or sanctimonious; neither was my speech of the straight-jacket kind. So being often taken to do by a more pious brother, for the utterance of words of no possible harm, I became a little disgusted with my religion and with him in particular, and especially so when one day this same over-zealous brother was brought before the Police Court for cheating poor women, with whom he had considerable dealings, and was convicted.

Now I frankly admit that had I been possessed of a sixpence worth of piety, that trivial circumstance would not have turned me from it. But somehow the thing would not stick to me, or I to it, "worth a cent," as the saying has it, for I could never be made to believe that God required that his children should be put in straight-jackets, or that their speech should of necessity partake of the sanctimonious. So I early learned to worship a deity of my own kind or choosing; in short, a Father who loved all of His children as well as a part, whether they worshipped Him in the church, on the mountain, in the grove, or by the sea; one that could be approached at any and all times and in all places—save all and damn none. So also, as I saw nothing in all nature to convince me that any one day was more sacred to God than another, I soon began to look upon each and all alike; and as was my conviction, so was my action. But as I claimed the right to think and act according to my own convictions, so would I give to all others the same privilege.

Being asked, as I many times have been, why I did not keep Sunday as a holy day, I would ever reply by asking: How good would you have me be on that day? Now make the test as strong as you please. Very well; now I want you to be just as good seven days in the week. I never had much fellowship with church or fashion worshippers, nor idolizers of high-priced ministers, hired to concoct themes to please the fashionable ear, rather than to preach the simple truth as laid down by their great Master eighteen centuries ago.

But to return. Every now and then we are made to hear a slight ripple from the over-zealous and benighted fossils, who seem to believe that one code of laws is sufficient for all time—that as did their fathers, so must they, forgetting, or perhaps, more truly, never recognizing the fact, that as the world progresses, so must the people, and as the people, so must the laws that govern them keep pace, or they will be of little avail in restraining the restless and freedom-loving mind of the present generation.

But I believe we have little to fear from that bigoted class of individuals, as they are not numerically strong enough to carry their points against the popular will. Conventions may be held and resolutions adopted, but they will all fall to the ground when the attempt is made to enforce them against the will of the people.

In truth, the question seems to be this: Has not one man an equal right with another, to enjoy his liberty and to spend his time as he may elect? Providing, in all cases, that in so doing he does nothing that can be turned to the injury of another?

But why is not the Sabbath more holy than any other day of the week? If a day of rest from labor is more sacred or holy than the day upon which such labor was performed, then is the Sabbath more holy than that day. But some will ask, is not the Sabbath sacred by and through the custom of ages? Yes, to those who believe, but not so to others. The sacredness of one day in seven may have had its use in the dark ages of the past, it may even have its use to-day; but for one, I fail to see it, and the reason is this: I believe that all people should be taught, not only that every day is sacred, but that every moment of time, from the cradle to the grave is so sacred that not one thought, word or deed should mar its sacred beauty or its holy significance. They should be taught that there is no moment of their lives but is too sacred to be defiled by bad words, bad rum, tobacco, or any other thing or habit which tends to injure or retard the purity of their lives.

Instead of attending church one day and taking advantage of their neighbor the other six, and that however much they may injure said neighbor, it can all be wiped out by the asking; teach them that every individual son of God will and must be held accountable for every act in life, whether such act be to the injury of another or to themselves, by bad, vicious, or dishonorable habits. Do good deeds, live truthful lives, help your fellow-man whenever you see he needs it, and you need have no fear for the future.

But take the opposite course; injure the body and mind by bad habits, elevate yourselves at the expense of others, do injury to all and good to none, and all too soon will you find yourselves in the highway of retributive justice. Such is the wisdom of God's law, and such its certainty.

Now, as the word Sabbath means "day of rest," so the word Sunday simply means that it received its name from the Sun.

With the ancient Egyptians, a planet governed one day, and as they had seven planets, they were made to govern seven days, and thus we have that hebdomedal divison of time, known as "week." There has been some difference of opinion in regard to what day a certain planet governed, but the following is, I believe, the most correct: Sun-day, Moon-day, Mars-day, Mercury-day, Jupiter-day, Venus-day, Saturn-day. The names of the same days in French are, commencing with Sunday: Dimanche, Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi, Vedredi, Samedi. So we find nothing very strange or wonderful in all this, except we find it in the wonderful method with which the Egyptians were wont to apply means to ends; for, not only did they have a planet to govern each day in the week, but a star to govern each day in the year, and each hour in the day.

Now, in concluding these cursory remarks, I feel to ask that, with the assistance of bright spirits, and the light and truth emanating from the spirit-world for the uplifting and enlightenment of suffering humanity, may we not hope soon to see the car of progress merge out from all that is superstitious, miraculous, or ambiguous, into the broad sunlight of plain truth? For upon that alone must we build our faith, if we would have it enduring.

Instead of dogmatic force, the world needs more of unselfish love and sympathy, each in the welfare of others; more of sterling, moral teachers, of the humility of a Jesus or a Socrates, who would not feel above mingling with the people for the people's good; less of coldness and more of the warmth of that love which takes an unselfish interest in the good of others; that love which longs to see everybody happy, and puts forth the hand that makes them so. Less of concentration in the good things of the world, and a more general distribution of the same. In short, more of the golden age, and less of the brazen.

TAYLOR BUZZELL.

WHENCE do they come, these spirits of music? From out the human breast! He beholds himself the master; this is the power which cites the spirit. It rises up from the endless depths of the Internal, and they look keenly at one another (the master and the spirit); this is inspiration; so the divine spirit looks upon Nature—through this she blossoms. Out of the spirit, blossom spirits; they entwine with one another, they stream forth, they drink in one another, they bear one another, their dance is image form; we do not see them; we perceive them, and subject ourselves to their heavenly power, and in so doing we submit to an influence which heals us. This is music!—*Bretano.*

THE CHILDRENS' COLUMN

"PAPA'S LETTER."

[SELECTED.]

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.
But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Writing letters, is 'ou mamma?
Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy,
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."
I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face.
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish winning grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."
So I parted back the tresses,
From his forehead, high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted,
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the stairway,
Clattered loud the little shoes.
Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's writing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.
No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders,
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door—
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?
'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou think 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find annozzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."
Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled from left to right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.
No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness,
Rang out on the Autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only,
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.
Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

Grandmother's Birthday Story.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER.

Tommy, Mary and Johnny had been made nice and clean, and in company with baby and the nurse had been sent to wish grandma "many happy returns of the day."

"Since you little chatterboxes have been so good as to come and visit me on my birthday," said dear old grandma, "I will tell you a nice little tale."

There was once twenty-five tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they were made of the same old tin spoon. They looked straight before them, shouldering their muskets in military style, and their uniforms were blue and red. "Tin soldiers" was the very first word they heard in the world, when the lid was taken off the box in which they lay. That was the exclamation of a little boy, who had received them for a birthday present; he clapped his hands, and stood the soldiers up on the table. One soldier was the very image of the other, with the exception of one single one, who had only one leg, for he had been cast last, when there was not tin enough remaining; but he stood as firm on one leg as the others on two, and it is just he whose adventures we have to relate.

"On the table on which they were placed there were several other playthings; but that which attracted the eye the most was a pretty castle made of cardboard. One could see through the windows into the rooms, and in front there were several small trees, standing round a piece of looking-glass, which represented a lake, reflecting the wax swans that swam upon it. It was all pretty, but the prettiest of all was a little girl, who stood in the open door. She also was made of cardboard, but had a dress of the thinnest muslin, and a piece of blue ribbon across her shoulders for a scarf, fastened at the neck with a brooch quite as big as her whole face.

"The little girl held both her arms stretched out, for she was a dancer, and one leg was raised so high that the tin soldier could not discover it, so that he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg.

"'That would be just the wife for me,' he thought; 'but she is rather grand, being in a castle, whereas I have only a box, and that I have to share with twenty-four others. That is no place for her; but yet I must try to make acquaintance with her.' So he laid himself down flat behind a snuff-box that was upon the table, from whence he could watch the little body.

"At night all the other tin soldiers were put in their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now the playthings began to play on their own account at all manner of games, and the tin soldiers made a commotion in their box, for they wanted to share the fun, but they could not raise the lid. The nut-crackers turned somersets, and the pencil had fine sport on the slate, so that there was such a noise the canary woke up and began to join in. The only two who did not move from their place were the tin soldier and the little dancer.

"It now struck twelve, and all of a sudden the lid flew off the snuff-box, but it wasn't snuff that was in the box, no! it was a little black imp, such as children call a 'Jack-in-the-box.'

"'Tin soldier,' the imp said, 'keep your eyes to yourself!'

"But the soldier pretended not to hear him.

"'Well, just wait till to-morrow,' the imp said.

"The next morning, as soon as the children were up, the tin soldier was stood in the window, and it was either the imp's doings or the draught—anyhow, the window flew open and the soldier went over head and heels from the second story down to the street. That was a dreadful fall, and he reached the ground head first, so that the bayonet stuck in the ground between two paving stones.

"The servant and the little boy came running down immediately to look for him, but though they were near treading upon him, they could not find him.

"It now began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till it came down in torrents.

"When the rain was over, two boys came that way, and one of them remarked:

"'Look! here lies a tin soldier, he shall have a sail down the gutter.'

"So they made a boat of a piece of newspaper and put it, with the soldier standing in the middle, into the water, which, after the heavy rain, rushed down the street.

"The paper boat was tossed about and occasionally whirled round and round, so that the soldier quite shook, but yet he did not move a feature, and the boys ran by the side clapping their hands.

"All at once the gutter turned under the pavement, which thus formed a stone bridge, and here the soldier was as utterly in darkness as if he was in his tin box.

"'Where am I going to now?' he thought. 'This certainly is the black imp's doings but if only that dear little girl were here in the boat, it might be twice as dark, for aught I care.'

"Now a large water rat suddenly appeared, for it lived under the bridge.

"'Have you a pass?' it cried. 'Come, show your pass!'

"But the tin soldier was silent, holding his gun still firmer.

"The boat marched on, and the rat after it. Oh, how it showed its teeth, and shouted to the wooden rafters and to the pieces of straw, 'Stop him! stop him! for he has not showed his pass.'

"The rushing of the water grew stronger, and the soldier could already see light at the further end, but at the same time he heard a noise which might have frightened the bravest man. Only imagine, where the bridge ended the gutter emptied itself into a canal, a descent as dangerous to him as it would be to us, were we carried down a high waterfall.

"He was so near upon it that there was no help, and down the boat rushed, the poor soldier holding himself as steady as he could. No one should be able to say that he as much as blinked his eyes. Four times the boat was whirled round, and was filled with water nearly up to the top. The water already reached up to the soldier's shoulders, and momentarily the boat sank deeper and deeper, and more and more the paper became unfastened. The water was now over his head, and he thought of the pretty little dancer, whom he should see no more. Then the paper tore, and he fell through; but at that very moment he was swallowed by a large fish.

"Oh, how dark it was! worse than under the bridge, and there was no room to move; but the tin soldier's courage did not forsake him, and he lay there his full length with his musket in his arm.

Soon after, the fish made the most frightful contortions and struggling, and was soon quiet. Suddenly light appeared, and a voice exclaimed, 'The tin soldier!' The fish had been caught, and taken to the market, where it was bought and carried to the kitchen, and the cook cut it open with a large knife. With two fingers she laid hold of the soldier's body and carried him into the room for the people to see the extraordinary man who had been swallowed by a fish. They placed him on the table, and wonders of wonders! the tin soldier was in the same room he had been in before. He saw the same children, the castle was there, and the beautiful little dancer was still standing on one leg. He could have cried had it been becoming, so he just looked at her and she at him, and neither spoke a word.

"Then one of the boys took the soldier and threw him into the fire, without giving any reason for doing so; but no doubt the Jack-in-the-box had something to do with it.

"The tin soldier stood there in the midst of flames, and the heat was something dreadful; but whether it was the heat of the fire or of his love he did not know. His color had clean gone, but whether caused by his troubles or travels, no one could tell. He looked at the little girl and she looked at him, when he felt that he was melting, but still he stood with his musket at his shoulder. A door opened suddenly, and carried away by the draught the little dancer flew like a sylph into the fire to the tin soldier. She blazed up and was gone. The soldier now melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the servant cleared out the ashes, she found a tin heart. Of the little dancer nothing remained but the brooch, which was burnt quite black.—*Frank Leslie's Chatterbox.*

Remarkable Dark Seance Manifestations

OXFORD, Ind., 8th mo. 7, 1879.

MR. J. M. ROBERTS:—

Dear Friend:—Please give me a small space in MIND AND MATTER to give a few items of my experience in the investigation of Spiritualism, a part of which I sent to the *R. P. Journal*, of Chicago, which was not printed. It was sent by invitation of the editor of that journal to his readers for their experiences in dark circles.

Here, in substance, is what I wrote: It was about fourteen months ago, at a family circle, at my own house, with a few neighbors invited in, my daughter being the medium. We had about such a circle as was customary with us to have. We have held many of them. I will here say, that my wife is both inspirational and clairvoyant, and she said she saw many spirits in the room. After the circle she suggested that if a few of us would go back into the circle-room she believed the spirits could and would materialize. Four of us went back into the room. We sat in solemn silence some thirty minutes. There first appeared, as it were, a white cloud or mist. Directly it became tinged with red. The red increased till it was a very beautiful yellow-red. At this time we could see spirit forms. They increased in brilliancy till there was a group of the heavenly host in plain view.

But one of them was recognized, that being the spirit of a young woman, an acquaintance of ours, and a school mate of our daughter. There was not a word spoken by any of the parties. If the reader will believe me, we were as devotional as it is possible for the mind to be. It was no longer a dark circle. The angels lighted up the room and appeared stationary for some thirty minutes, and then moved slowly along the wall, faded away and left us in the dark, as we were at the beginning.

Now mark, there was no cabinet, no drapery, no strangers nor no trick, but genuine materialization.

At another circle, it being what we call a trumpet circle, also dark, after some singing, one of the spirits took possession of the trumpet and was floating round the room, sometimes to the ceiling, and was talking to different members of the circle. At this juncture there was a cloud passing and one of the sitters raised the curtain, and the lightning flashed in at the window and showed the trumpet near the ceiling, and as soon as the light struck it it fell to the floor, and that put an end to the circle.

Now, I know that the spirits, or some other unseen power, was able to carry the trumpet to any part of the room when it was dark, and why they could not, or did not, when it was light, I will leave this for others to tell.

I have experienced enough in the last thirty years to fill a volume of many pages. I have spent much time and money, and traveled from Motts, Mo., to Wm. Eddy's, at Ancora, N. J., and had a number of good mediums at my own house, among them Anna Stewart and Jennie Courtney, and it is no longer guess work with me about spirit return and making themselves known to their friends on earth.

Now I will give what appeared in the light. I am giving what took place at my own house. We had Minnie Thomas a number of times to sit with us. She was possessed of healing powers and has doctored in our family. She is a woman of delicate health, and finally so lost her speech that she could only speak in a whisper. In that condition she held a circle with us, the last one she held in this part of the State. She became controlled by an old acquaintance of hers that had been in spirit life some ten years—or had changed worlds about ten years before the time of the circle—and the spirit, or medium, talked to us for more than one hour, by the clock, in a plain, clear, loud voice, as though the medium was in possession of a good pair of lungs.

I asked the spirit how it was that the medium could talk so loud when under control? She (the spirit) said it was not Minnie that was talking—it's Katy (that was the spirit's name in earth life) that is talking through the medium's organism. She gave us very good advice, and her own experience in spirit life was supremely grand and gratifying.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

THERE never was a great man unless through Divine Inspiration.—*Cicero.*

THE most important events of Cooper's latter years were audibly announced to him before they occurred. His lucid intervals, and the return of his disorder were announced to him in this manner.—*Theodore Tilton.*